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The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 97. [Published Every Monday.] Week Ending September 10th, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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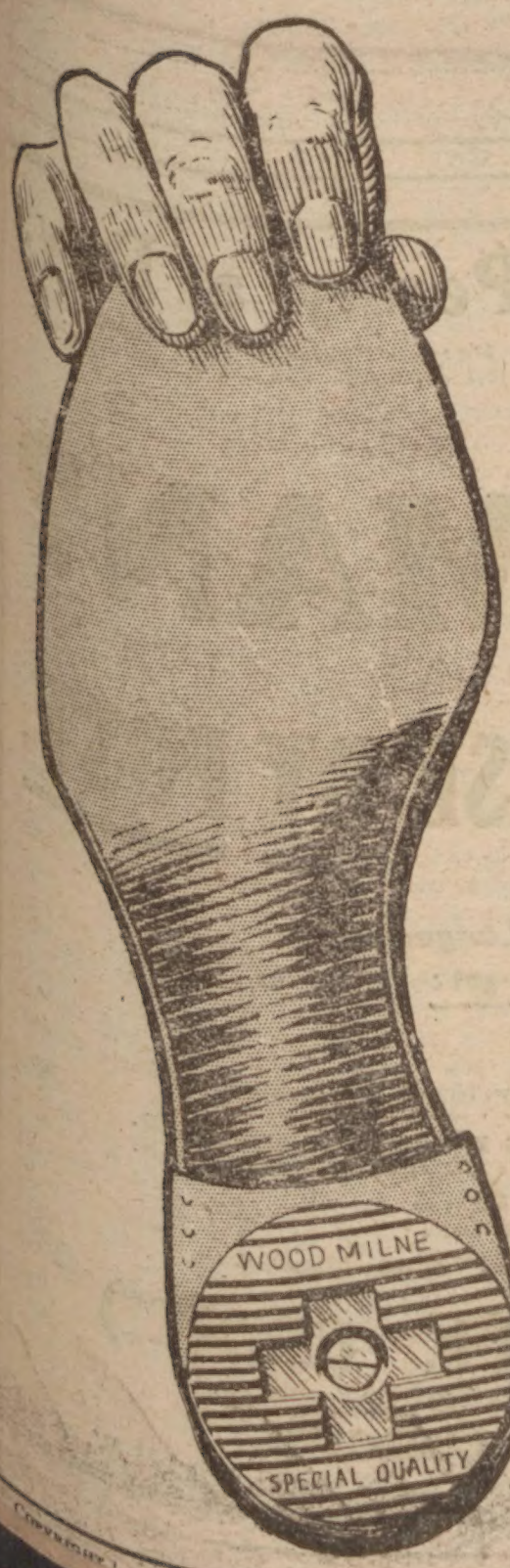

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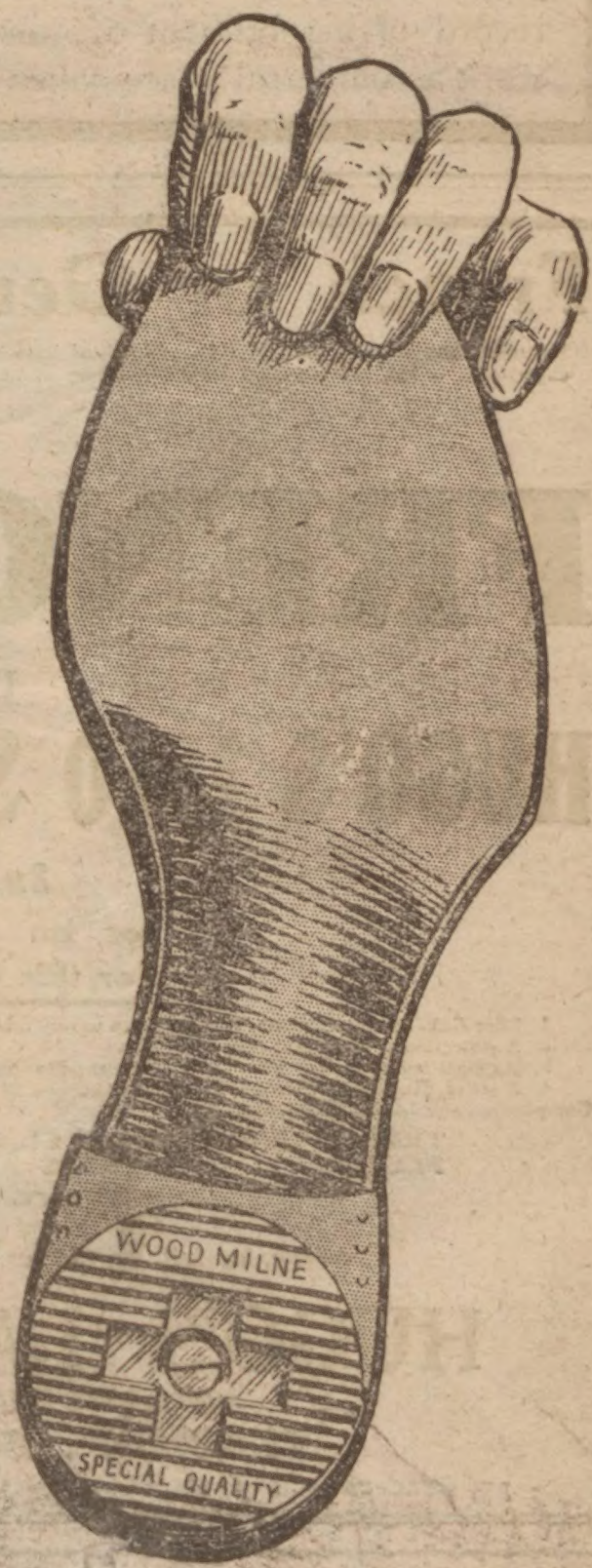

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

97. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 10TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

OOTBALL ASSOCIATION

A RETROSPECT.

even years have sped since the Foot-ciation was founded at a meeting e Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen ondon, W.C.

lubs represented included among rystal Palace (I daresay this will be some followers of the popular and " Glaziers "); The Crusaders (now ed by the famous Farnfield family New Crusaders "); Blackheath; War nd several public schools.

the rules passed at this meeting was fect that the annual subscription of should be five shillings, payable in

y 20, 1871, the following resolu-passed: "That it is desirable that ge Cup should be established in con-ith the Association, for which all ld be invited to compete." And thus came into being.

ears later the first International was etween England and Scotland, and and the Cup, the game began to go ahead.

2 the first whisper of professionalism , a new rule being introduced declar-egal for any player to receive any ion or consideration above his actual and *any wages lost*—so that Northern oken-time system at Rugby was no when it was introduced several

4, it being notorious that many ere being paid over and above ex-d lost wages, it was proposed that alism should be legalised; but it until the next year—1885 that is—all-important resolution was carried al general meeting.

0 a resolution was passed which was give the Association much trouble. the rule limiting wages to £4 a week er annum.

bt the F.A. Council in succeeding erly regretted ever having passed which gave rise to so much corrup-dissatisfaction; but it was not until that they got rid of it—at least

ge limit, of course, has not been by the English League, the Southern nd other affiliated clubs.

hat they may now openly receive or success and take a percentage of sfer fees, professional players for two years at least are, so far as concerned, very much where they re.

T. K. GLASIER.

CHEEK.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller now bathes in whisky. This is probably his way of enjoying a "whisky and splash."

* * *

The Mint authorities announce that shillings are very scarce just now. Our own experience is that sovereigns are even scarcer.

* * *

Says "M.A.P.": "Unquestionably there is virtue in sour milk." Then why not do good work by supplying it to the White Slaves?

* * *

Recipe for a Picnic at Home: Soak some sandwiches in lemonade, and eat them sitting among the creeping denizens of the kitchen floor. You get all the illusions without any of the trouble.

* * *

Before sailors are allowed to be shipped from Antwerp nowadays, they have to be branded. "Brandied, eh?" mused dear old Mrs. Fooler, "that is no doubt to give them spirit before leaving the port."

* * *

"Life," says Mr. Baggallay, "would not be worth living if it were not for quarrels." Is this intended for an argument in favour of marriage?

* * *

A contemporary makes a feature of reviews in rhyme. Even in the baldest prose they couldn't be much verse.

* * *

A writer tells us that "the fair hair of the Anglo-Saxon is disappearing." We shrewdly suspect he is trying to advertise some restorer.

* * *

Miss Elizabeth Gibson says that "Poetry is the expression of the inexpressible." Bertie Bonnyboy was quite interested—until he realised that it had nothing to do with the pressing of "inexpressibles."

* * *

Mr. Charles Hawtrey is, we are informed, to appear next year in a play which will also include Miss Gertie Millar. We congratulate him on thus being associated with so delightful a flour of the London stage.

* * *

Mr. Arnold White has given us a paper on "Cave Men and Women." Does he mean us to beware of them?

* * *

A deep thinker named Graf Douglas has discovered that "An ounce of character is worth a pound of intellect." If he were asked to prove it, we suppose he would answer "Weight, and see!"

J. S. COX.

SHADY LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS.

HOW SOME AMATEURS ADD TO THEIR INCOMES.

How is it that some lawn-tennis players, men without visible, or with very slender, means of subsistence, contrive to play through the whole summer, going from one tournament to another, putting up at the best hotels, and generally having a good time?

The answer, of course, is that one way or another they are paid for playing.

In the first place their hotel bills are paid for them. Not openly, oh, dear no; the player settles his bill, and receives a receipt, but before he departs the secretary of the tournament unostentatiously hands him an envelope which contains gold enough—no cheques or notes, please—not only to settle the bill, but to leave a substantial bit over.

Then if a shady player is sufficiently famous, he will sometimes decline to play unless a particular firm's ball is used. Should he carry his point, the firm in question are more than willing to pay heavily for his recommendation.

Another dodge of the shady amateur is to allow a racquet or other implement of the game to be christened after him, he receiving a royalty on every one sold. As a matter of business there is nothing against this, but the Lawn Tennis Association would promptly expel any player caught doing it, and so it is done secretly and dishonestly.

The writing of paid testimonials is another source by which the shady player adds to his income, while sometimes he takes his prizes to the "melting pot."

When asked to take action against these "shamateurs," the Lawn Tennis Association's reply is: "Bring us proof, and we will deal with them." But proof is very hard to obtain, for nothing but gold changes hands.

It should be quite within the powers of the Lawn Tennis Association to require a suspected player to make a detailed return of his income. In default of showing that he can well afford to devote several months in the year to lawn tennis, it should be "up to him" to show how he manages to do so.

It may be argued, of course, that the difficulties of taking such an action would be enormous and that, even if the association adopted it, some means would be found by the unscrupulous of evading the inquisition.

A far more important argument is the fact that it would not affect those men, who have sufficient private means, but still stoop to do shady things for the sake of doing something "on their own."

S. K. BAYFIELD.

Blooding.

THE WAY OF SPORTSMEN THE WORLD OVER.

Every sportsman has sooner or later to be "blooded," and the ordeal is sometimes unpleasant.

Take the noble sport of deer-stalking, for instance. As a foreign friend of mine once picturesquely put it, "you climb to de roofs of de world," where, incidentally, my friend proceeded to be violently ill. There you lie for an eternity behind a rock with a steady icy rain permeating to your very marrow, and the heather and all manner of crawling things tickling your nose and other tender parts.

At last, just when you have made up your mind that you must sneeze whatever happens, Dougal, the gillie, whispers or signs that you may look.

THE FIRST VICTIM.

Cautiously, ever so cautiously, you raise your head and there, some three hundred yards away, you see the "Monarch of the Glen," a fair shot. And you do not miss him. Dougal's whoop of triumph as he bounds down the glenside assures you of that, and you follow with an exultant heart.

When you arrive on the scene, Dougal has already slit the victim's weasand, and producing from his sporran a quaigh or small cup, he proffers it to you filled with the quarry's life-blood.

Down with it with a gulp—it is the tradition of the sport of deer-stalking when a man kills his first stag.

I remember a well known and noble sportsman telling me of an adventure he had in Africa. He was after lion, under the guidance of a professional hunter, and at last came the great moment when his first lion lay dead at his feet.

LION HUNTING.

He was rather perturbed, however, when the hunter deftly slit the carcase and produced the still quivering heart—he was even more uneasy when the hunter held out the horrid mass to him, saying, "You've got to eat this, it's the rule when a man kills his first lion."

"D—d if I will," said Lord D——.

"You'll be d—d and dead if you don't," was the stern reply, and his lordship found himself looking down the barrel of the hunter's express rifle. My lord made a more or less hearty meal.

To make the big game sportsman eat of or drink the blood of his first kill is not the custom the world over. The warm gulp of a cupful of caribou, administered by the French Canadian trapper, still lingers in my mouth, though it is a good many years since I gulped it down.

In England we are less bloodthirsty, but the hunting man long remembers the day when his face was smeared with the blood on the stump of his first "brush."

To a teetotaller, the landing of his first salmon is rather a serious matter, for custom ordains that the victory shall be celebrated in a stiff draught of neat whisky.

THE SAME IDEA.

Away from sport, the new-joined young officer is "blooded" the day he first dons the Colours. There is no actual ceremony, but he has to "stand" champagne to the mess, and also handsomely to "tip" the non-commissioned members of the escort.

In the Navy, when an officer is promoted from gun-room to ward-room, a ship's biscuit is broken over his head (sometimes it is the head that succumbs), and he has to provide "drinks" for his new comrades.

In engine-rooms and shops the novice is lured on to picking up a piece of hot metal, after which he is no longer a greenhorn, and is usually deputed to lay the trap for the next new-comer.

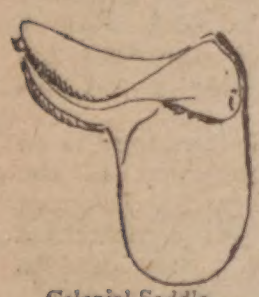
While some forms of "blooding" are not agreeable at the time, they are pleasant enough to look back upon; for do they not recall our early triumphs, and the fateful days when we put childish things behind us and became men, or, at least, fancied ourselves as such.

JAMES C. ANDERSON.

SADDLES.

There are few forms of industry in which machinery has so signally failed to supplant the handicraftsman as in the making of saddlery.

If a saddle is to last and to fit the horse as a good saddle should, it must have been cut and sewn by hand.



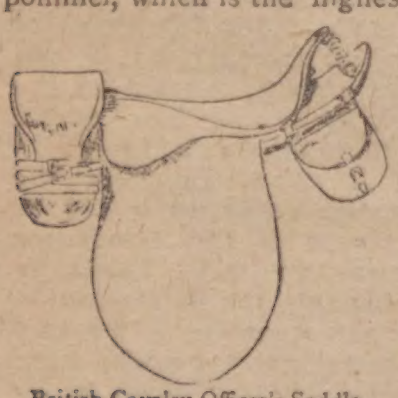
Colonial Saddle.

As far as possible every horse should have his own saddle and it should be as carefully fitted to him as a man's suit of clothes.

Many horses have peculiarities in the shape of the back or withers, or in the action of the shoulder-blades, which make it by no means possible to fit any saddle on any horse, quite apart from the question of size.

One of the first essentials in a saddle is that it should allow a current of air from front to back, and for this reason the two "pannels," as the pads that rest on the back are called, do not meet above the horse's backbone.

Of the other component parts of a saddle, the most important are the flaps, which cover the pannels and the sides of the horse; the head or pommel, which is the highest part in front; the skirt, which is the small flap covering the bar that supports the stirrup-leather; the seat; and the cantle, which is the highest part at the back.



British Cavalry Officer's Saddle.

A mistake that is too often made by the man who has to choose a saddle is to get too small a one. Not only will a small saddle be less comfortable for the rider than a roomy one which he can grip with ease, but it will cause discomfort to the horse, especially if the rider is a heavy man.

The pressure per square inch on the horse's back is obviously much greater with a small saddle than it would have been if the weight were distributed over a wider surface by a large one.

The result of using a too small or ill-fitting saddle will be a sore back and saddle-galls which may put the horse out of action for some time.

The first of the accompanying illustrations shows a Colonial saddle of the pattern which is used by most of the mounted units in the Territorial Army. It is larger and heavier in build than the ordinary hack or park saddle, and is equally well suited to civilian or military work.

U.S.A. Regulation Cavalry Saddle.

The regulation military saddle is built on different lines, as will be seen from the second illustration. It has a high cantle and pommel, plain unstuffed flaps and small pads attached to the wooden side-bars. It is not, like the civilian saddle, put direct on the horse's back but a numnah or felt cloth is put on first.

It is a point worth noting in saddling a horse with a numnah, that the felt must be worked well into the groove down the centre of the saddle before it is put on, in order that the air-passages come between the horse's back and the numnah.

The cavalry officer's saddle is usually fitted with a brass-rimmed cantle and wallets attached to the head.

The shoe-case which is carried on either side of a military saddle contains one shoe and the necessary nails for fixing it, while on the near side it serves also as a pad to protect the sword-frog from galling the horse's flank.

Steeplechase Saddle.

The part of the side bars which projects to the rear is known as the "fan" and carries the valise or kit, which is strapped on behind the cantle.

The difference between the British and the American cavalry saddle, which is illustrated in the third sketch, is remarkable.

The latter has wooden stirrups and leather covers to protect the feet of the rider in rough country, and with a horse-hair cinch.

A very different style of saddle is the steeplechase saddle next illustrated which weighs only 4½ or 5 lbs.

The padding at the front of the flaps is known as the knee-roll, and serves to prevent the rider sliding forward at the jumps.

Stockmen's Saddle.

The last illustration shows a saddle such as is used by stockmen in Australia and America, with knee-pads which enable the rider to keep his seat even on a buck-jumper or to withstand the shock of a lasso suddenly drawn tight.

Such saddles are often built with the flesh side of the leather outwards, and this gives a firm grip of the saddle.

D. NEWCOMB.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE TERROR

y E. HAMILTON EDDING.

had long wanted to meet in flesh the minion of the hire-purchase sys- ; I had long ached to tackle (verbally) the cker of homes—and, then, kindly chance g the Terror in my way.

t happened that a friend had taken a fur- ed house for the period of three months, paid in advance, from an alleged half-pay ain.

he captain and his half-pay had finally shed into the invisibility of a non-existent let at Le Touquet, and after the first sur- ing notice that my friend received from real owners of the furniture, he said he hanged if he was going to pay the instal- nts on the rotten sticks, and, taking his oing" like a man, invited me round to ch the exodus of the component parts of Home Beautiful, as supplied at absurdly h prices with no deposit, no security, and disagreeable questions asked.

"Take a chair," he said, as I stepped into low-ceilinged room of the pretty little utry house that deserved a better tenant n its spurious Captain Lashington; "take hair, old boy."

"Take a sideboard, if you like," he added, erly.

I could see that he was rather unhappy, d he pulled a little miserably at his pipe. referred to his inventory.

"Take the green tapestry-covered and up- stered arm-chair," he said, quoting there- m. "And get off that rush-seated atrocity e rush is apt to——

"Yes, I thought you would. It's a bit ged in places. By Jove, and they put the ce of this suite at thirty quid, exclusive the sideboard. What blinkin' blood- kers!"

He became reminiscent.

"Do you know," he said, "I've heard he horrible tales about these hire-purchase ple? In this case, of course, it is dif- ut. Lashington, I suppose goes about this game all over the country. But think hink boy, of the poor, trusting, unfor- ate little married couples who deal with e disreputable firms! There are straight s, of course; but take these people!"

His voice trembled with emotion. My nd had a heart that felt for others, I w.

"Imagine," he went on grandiloquently, ack and Jill—loving one another!"

"Without tumbling down the hill?"

"Yes; merely going up it hand in hand to h a pail of water. Taking the steep in- e of life together," he corrected himself rmly, "to obtain a measure—not of ter but——"

"Of domestic felicity," I suggested.

"You follow my line of thought exactly. ll, during Jack's courtship of Jill, Jill's ple die or become bankrupt, or——"

"Ask her how long she is likely to be be- e she brings Jack to the scratch."

"You put it prosaically. But we'll say t, anyhow, Jack cannot stand the choice of affection being subjected to the sordid ings of shabby gentility. His assured ition in the commercial or professional rld with a certain definite income—earned, d you, earned—shows that, given they live on so much, they will have a com- table balance to spare."

He paused.

"But the living on so much and the ance to spare are both illusory items in ried life?" I said.

I was anxious to help.

"Depends on the wife. I'm not dealing h *that* question." My friend's tone was snappy. Capricious fortune had given him a wife that could provide for a country house, and from him I had learned much of the ethics of the existence of a Benedick.

"What I mean to arrive at is that they consider this balance allows them to set aside so much a week for three years to pay for the home, after leaving out such little items as illness and kiddies—as all married people do.

"Well, they get married and, to put the worst face on it——"

"Jack falls ill, seriously ill."

"Just so. What do people of this sort immediately do?" My friend shook Captain Lashington's Hire Purchase Agreement.

"They descend on them and, by the terms of this one-sided document, clear everything out. The first minute they fail to pay their due instalment they're down on 'em! They send some swarthy, hard-hearted, big-fisted, bullying, caddish, inhuman monster—a man selected for these qualities—to take the furniture away. In charge of a rough gang of muscular ruffians, cast-offs of the prize-ring, he hammers on the door of the poor little tenement.

"He hammers and hammers, I tell you," the orator cried frantically, "until the heads of the shivering couple are dazed. Bang! Bang! Bang!—like that!"

The excellent young man who had been "done" by Captain Lashington brought his hand down on the "three-leaved dining-table in fumed oak."

I allowed him that moment of silence which gives effect to all great utterances, and as he sat staring at me as if I were the depraved monster referred to above there came a light tapping on the front door.

"Don't get up," said the temporary lord of the house, "I am a connoisseur of knocks. That is the pretty lady from the rectory come for my subscription to the Dorcas Society. Admirable thing, old chap. A single young man like yourself ought to be ashamed to give her less than a half-crown. They make petticoats for the village babies you know, and so-and-so's for the village mothers. I, unfortunately, must limit myself to a bob.

"Now—very best behaviour, old lad. I'll ask her in."

Very carefully he smoothed back his hair, cast my half-smoked cigarette into the fireplace, and put down his pipe. Then, flicking a few specks off his coat, he pulled himself together and, as an officer and a gentleman goes to greet a Colonel's fair daughter, he walked to the door. I also rose and, for effect, looked romantically out of the window. At least, I hoped my demeanour gave that impression.

I was thus able to see the surprise on Benedick's face when he opened the door.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he asked crisply.

I heard thin piping tones outside.

"Well, the fact is, Captain Lashington——"

"Hang it all, sir, I'm not Captain Lashington—and don't stare into the hall in that sneaky manner as if the place belonged to you——"

"I was thinking there was a bit chipped off that walnut 'all table——"

"Were you, by Gad! Now kindly tell me what I can do for you and be quick about it."

From the doorway came a little sigh.

"I'm very sorry, Captain—sir, I mean—but this is my card. I'm the representative of——"

Benedick snatched the highly ornate piece of ivory-finished paste-board. "Oh, I beg your pardon. Allow me to apologise," he said. "I—er—didn't expect anyone—er—exactly like *you*, you know. Come inside, by all means. Come inside."

The Terror came into the room in the prescribed nervous fashion, turning his rather worn bowler round and round slowly as he spoke. A president expecting assassination could not have entered a den of Anarchists with more thoroughly apparent misgiving.

He turned sharply as he perceived a curtained casement window behind him, and swished back the linen hangings.

"These are ours, I s'pose?" he said, tremulously.

"I expect everything here is yours. I've been through the inventory."

"Thenks." He edged nervously to the door again.

"Anything in that cupboard?" he asked.

"Go and see. *I* don't know," said my friend.

"No larks, no practical jokes?"—observed the Terror.

"None whatever, on my word," answered Benedick, laughing.

"All right, Cap'n. I'll look myself."

He opened the door of the cupboard and jumped swiftly to the side thereof, as though expecting a wild beast to make a spring from out of it.

"Look here," said my friend, slightly amazed by these performances. "I may as well prove at once that I am *not* Captain Lashington. Here is that gentleman's receipt to me for money paid in advance for the three months hire of this house, furnished."

To this evidence I added my card and my testimony, and briefly explained the position.

"Thenks!" he said, with evident relief. "I can see you are gents. There's no need for me to look in the sideboard cupboard for a bulldog, then?" he added.

"Oh, no!"

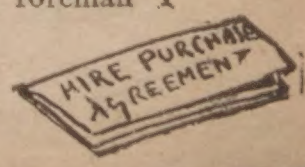
"You see," he explained, "I 'ave to take these little precautions. I'm a married man, you know, and I've got others to think of. In my line of business, you see, we're taught by bitter—most bitter—experience, to look for men with revolvers behind curtains—such as I just pulled back—with that old gag about s'posin' they were ours.

"Cupboards of *that* size usually contain mastiffs or a pet baboon, should the hirer be a bit of a fancier in that line. Coal vases ain't so dangerous, 'cause you can't get a *very* big bulldog in *them*.

"Could my men be gettin' to work in the bedrooms?" he broke off.

"Certainly. The whole house is at your entire disposal."

"Handsomely spoke, I'm sure. If you'll excuse me, I'll just set 'em to work. They want tellin' a bit, although the foreman I



brought with me is a good man at his job. Still, *he* wants a bit of superintendin' sometimes."

He went to the front door and gave a long drawn whistle. At the end of the garden path stood a local furniture-remover's pantechnicon.

He repeated the signal. It evidently conveyed something. Then, with amazed eyes, we saw a man steal out of a clump of shrubbery with the caution of a Red Indian.

He was a pathetic picture of a strong man reduced to a state of trembling apprehension and his personal beauty was by no means improved by the fact that one of his eyes was surrounded by a halo of a delicate shade of yellow.

Tightly grasped in his hand was a hammer that he carried like a tomahawk, although his attitude made it clear that it was a weapon of defence rather than of offence.

He cautiously set one foot on the steps.

"Come on. It's all right, I tell you," said the Terror, testily. We heard a whispered altercation on the doorstep.

"But are you sure it's all right, Mr. Miggs? You know what 'appened down at 'Ornsey, and I hain't 'ad the bandage off me eye a week yet."

"I tell yer, these are thorough gents——"

"So were them at 'Ornsey *you* said," observed the foreman, bitterly; "and every bloomin' one wore a knuckle-duster. Thorough gents, *they* was, only I don't think!"

"These are! They've treated me *as* gents. They 'aven't the slightest objection to the stuff bein' removed."

"Neither 'ad them at 'Ornsey, but subs'quent events showed decidedly h-otherwise."

"Oh, 'ang 'Ornsey, Browning!"

My friend thought it was his place to step in here.

"It's all right, Mr. Browning," he called out cheerily. "Come inside and we'll give you a drop of the best whisky ever distilled in Scotland *and* some soda to liven it, too. Come right in!"

"There you *are!*" said the Terror triumphantly. "What did I tell you. They're first-class people, here."

"You go fust, then. All I know is that I've got a 'ammer 'ere which I sha'n't 'esitate to use on doo provication, assault or *not* assault." The last was evidently a warning meant for our ears.

They came in together—the Terror with some show of confidence and his assistant somewhat gingerly.

Benedick got out the whisky and three glasses, helping us liberally.

"I don't drink in the afternoon," he explained. "Now then, gentlemen, say when."

He officiated with the soda.

The Terror took up his glass and I mine.

The foreman, however, looked at the Terror.

"It ain't good enough," he said with finality. "Remember that Sutton job of ours?"

The Terror smiled.

"Would you *mind*, sir," he said, apologetically, "drinking just a little whisky out of that same bottle? At Sutton, you see, the whisky the missus gave us was——"

"Drugged!" said the foreman. "I didn't wake up for a day an' an 'arf."

"Well," said my friend, helping himself as a proof of his *bona fides*. "The Sutton people thought you ought to have a good rest before attempting the arduous task of removing their furniture, I suppose? Very considerate of them, I call it."

The foreman turned a semi-trustful eye upon us. "Yus it was, by gosh! When I woke up I found they'd been considerate enough to save me a 'ole 'eap of bother. They'd removed the blinkin' furniture themselves!"

BRITAIN'S STRONGEST MAN

SOME FACTS ABOUT THOMAS INCH.

My visit last week to Mr. T. Inch, at his handsome and commodious new premises in Fulham Road, S.W., was pleasant in more ways than one. For many years I have followed the doings of professional strong men, and, remembering the men of prowess in the days of my youth, I expected the heavyweight champion of the world to be of the type to which we have become accustomed—a man with magnificent muscles but with a bull-dog face and no intellectual equipment to speak of.

These preconceived ideas were knocked on the head the moment I met Mr. Inch.

In every respect he is a magnificent specimen of a man—tall and broad, but lithe and supple. It is a pleasure to look at him, but equally it is a pleasure to chat with him, for he is magnetic in his sheer simplicity and obvious frankness.

Also he has a delightfully boyish way of smiling, which makes you like him right away.

NOT NATURALLY STRONG.

I particularly noted that his hands and wrists were of an exceptionally fine type, the wrists not measuring more than six to seven inches, while the ring on the little finger of his right hand might well belong to a lady. At his invitation I tried it on, but it was much too small for me. Obviously, therefore, he was not born a strong man, but made himself one.

I asked him to tell me a little of his history and the secrets of his art.

"Success has come to me early in life," he said, "but I have worked for it, and above all, my whole heart is in my profession. If I became a multi-millionaire to-morrow, I should still be a physical culturist and health expert.

"I am specially busy now opening this new place, and, since taking the heavy-weight championship, there has been a great increase in my business. I employ a large number of typists, besides clerks and other helpers. Moreover, I am contemplating taking a world's tour, lecturing for fees sometimes amounting to a hundred pounds a night, on the subject of health and strength, in New Zealand, Australia, and America."

EARLY DAYS.

Born at Scarborough twenty-eight years ago, Mr. Inch resided in his native town until he was twenty-one years of age, when he came up to the Metropolis, having decided to cast aside all other work and make physical culture his profession. Naturally, however, the delightful Northern watering-place claims him as her own, and it would be difficult to say which is the prouder, Scarborough of Thomas Inch, or Thomas Inch of Scarborough.

There it was that at the early age of eight years he used his little spade to dig deep holes in Mother Earth, with the idea, even in those childish days, of developing muscle, stopping every now and then to take his own measurements in the hope of finding an increase in their size.

From these days on he has never looked but has persevered gingly to the goal wh the world knows he tri antly attained on Jun last, at the German nasium, London, when Gold Cup was handed and he was acclaimed World's Heavy Weigh ing Champion."

In his boyhood's from eight to twelve, Inch was always forem outdoor games, whil favourite reading and tures were of and athletes and athletics, greatest pleasure was ness the performance strong men.

As time went on, ceived the ambition of the strongest man in borough, a desire which soon gratified.

At the age of seventeen he was World's Junior Weight-Lifting Champ and on April 22, 1907, after seven ye dogged and patient perseverance, he ach the distinction, at the German Gymnasiu "The World's Middle-Weight Champ Lifter."

At this time Mr. Inch's measurement the biceps was seventeen inches, while he has reached the following record measments as a muscular athlete: chest, expa 53½ inches; biceps, 19 7-8 inches; fore straight, 15inches; thigh, 27½ inches; 18 inches.

WORKING ON HIS OWN METHODS.

All this Mr. Inch has attained entirely his own initiative, and by following his rules and ideas. As may be understood personal and practical experiences have given him many valuable lessons which, had been his when he first commenced train would have made him a more formidable to his compeers even than he is to-day. great satisfaction which remains to Mr. is that he can impart to others his hard knowledge, that those of like ambition under his instructions, start on the basis of own ripened experience.

R. CHARLES.

LONDON—TWO PHASES.

A fine day in the fashionable part of Lo A glorious sun shines down on the freshne the Green Park, and the well-dressed idle Piccadilly seem to be unaffected by a single Even the poorest, too, seem to be happy, from ragged old woman humming a song as slouches along by the railings, to the f urchins playing cricket (with variations) distance off in the Park. Vehicles of all pass by—carriages, 'buses, and splendid e motors—and the occupants of all of them cheerful and animated. This is London in her gay moods.

But there is another side to the life o world's greatest city, a side that is less pleasa contemplate.

A drenching wet day in the City. Crow hurrying pedestrians, buffeting one another umbrellas on the pavement, pass on, with there a grudging word of apology. A stre 'buses, full inside, and with a goodly complem soaked mortals on top, make a dreary proce in the streaming roadway. Hidden in a doo a drenched and tattered starveling is cho something that looks like bread. Here is Lo in a melancholy vein.

In the Marshlands

THE SCENE OF NATURE'S FINEST EFFORTS.

If you live within reach of the marshlands, if you can sometimes find your way thither train or cycle, you are lucky and wise. at you should know and love the reedy vels, speaks well for your feeling for Nature many of her most attractive aspects. For down on the levels, eye and ear are er weary of enjoying the constant succes- on of incident and change of scene. Turn out of the town at the old canal bridge d follow the towing path a mile or so out o the spreading grasslands. The going is y and even-dusty now, in spite of the suc- sion of horses plodding along with the e trailing away to a laden barge. Let it be early afternoon when you start, for u will linger many hours among these soli- des.

As you walk along, the little town seems to op lower and lower at every step, until you see only the flagstaff on the church tower. rhaps, in the gaps between heavy elms, you ll catch glimpses of passing trains. But for most part, the town and all its life soon nishes.

THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

At the canal-side you have a wide prospect, ross the water the land rises steeply, and oods come down to the very edge. The ushes stretch away on your side of the er. They are bounded only by low, tree- d, rising ground, towards which the sun is adily declining.

Only a little imagination is needed to see s level as it was a thousand years ago. The waters were higher. The little slug- h river was not then confined to its present row channel, and the land was under water t the year. Shy flocks of water-fowl swam but in the shallow pools, never allowing human hunter to get within bow-shot. To-day it is less wild but not less—rather re interesting.

"ETERNAL FLATS."

There are innumerable channels intersect- the flat fields. Their banks are marked thick growths of reeds. If you jump you st jump far, for often a mass of green owth spreads over the water and hides it e some purposely set trap. The far edges of the flats are seldom the blue, mysterious, higher ground on e from mists, and the levels are isolated ch few objects can be distinctly seen. Under the trees at the far side of the ubling canal there is a succession of circles swirls as fish touch the surface and dive y. Sometimes there is a splash, a flash of scales above the water, and a "flop" he fish dives again.

MAN'S LAND.

Among the reeds strange sounds and move- nts go on incessantly. Throw a stone into any patch of flags or stunted alders, the reed-warbler will begin his excited ter and keep it up till you have passed a safe distance. Every track and gateway invites you to ow it. There are no forbidding notices to passers here. Owners, if owners there are, m to have forgotten that there are some o like these isolated lands. But no damage be done.

At the worst, one can only put up the nest- ducks. With a loud warning cry and a at flapping of strong wings, they break n the reeds with infinite flustering and sail and up into the sky, where you can watch making a great circle just to deceive . Then down they come again at the spot which they rose.

It is, however, towards evening that the marshes assume their most fascinating aspect. When the horizon is blurred in twilight, the solitude is marvellous and mysteriously impressive. You walk in a new land into which other folk never penetrate.

You mean to strike right across the levels now, and join the higher land three miles or more on the opposite side. The way is open and easily found. Turf-cutters' carts have worn a track.

HAUNT OF THE HERON.

You have seen the last of the sun for to-day, but he has left behind an orange glow that rises high in the sky. Down on to the lowest levels you step. All around there is a thin, white mist that almost hides the bellies of the cattle, but leaves their heads visible.

Out of the intense quiet there comes a repeated cry. It is a short, harsh, unfriendly cry as of some creature that has need of a penetrating voice. Looking up into the fading glow you see two herons.

Overhead they pass; then the two separate, and spreading out their huge wings circle in enormous swoops round about their fishing ground.

HOME AGAIN.

In a few minutes, having well reconnoitred, they drop slowly to earth, and as they pass below the horizon, you cannot follow them further.

You, too, have reached the higher land, and looking back over the levels you see the white sheets of mist through which you have walked.

Dank scents from the fields and the water-courses are rising, and you step out for home on the hard and dusty road at a quicker pace, for the levels at night are chilly.

C. EASTON-GREY.

GAUGING FORM.

Form, at whatever sport or game you care to mention, is notoriously difficult to sum up with any degree of accuracy. This is, no doubt, because so much depends on how a man feels at the moment. Take billiards, for instance.

You may play a game with Brown, whom Jenkins beat easily last night, and you probably feel confident, because you can generally run away from Jenkins. But, wonder of wonders, Brown hardly gives you a look in. This is perhaps because your style of game suits him. He likes the sort of shots you generally leave "on," and scores from them, whereas another man might find them too hard.

There are so many points to be considered in judging form that, to use an Irishism, it is practically impossible to judge it.

BOXING DILEMMAS.

HOW TO ACT WHEN THINGS ARE GOING WRONG.

It often happens, when a man passes from the purely theoretical in boxing, and when he takes part in an actual contest, that he finds himself "up against" various situations that puzzle him.

Suppose, for instance, that you are fighting a heavier man than yourself, and you find that he is gradually forcing you into a corner; or that he has, indeed, actually forced you into it. As he is heavier than you, you are naturally at a disadvantage in such a situation. How are you to get out of it?

The best way is to resort to "slipping." As he advances upon you, feint a lead off with the left, and then quickly duck to the right. Instead of recovering yourself in the usual way, bring up your right foot, and take another step forward, so as to slip under your opponent's left arm.

This will bring you to his left side instead of facing him, so that, of course, you must make a sharp turn to the left again.

But, possibly, he may be too 'cute for you, and refuse to be drawn by your feinted lead, so that, once again, you are in a quandary.

The only thing to do now is to make a bout of in-fighting of it.

Bring your right foot nearly in line with your left, but *not quite*. It must be just a little behind, so as to maintain your balance in some degree. As far as possible, see that the ball of your right is opposite the heel of your left, and that the two are about twelve inches apart.

Sink your chin so as to keep your head well down, but gazing upwards; and keep your eyes rivetted on those of your adversary. Then, without drawing your hands back very far, punch alternately with your right and left at your opponent's head, putting your whole weight into each blow.

Remember that in in-fighting, the great thing to strive for is that your hands should be inside your opponent's. This can generally be managed by aiming your left hand at his face and your right at the point of his jaw.

In this way, too, you will have him at some considerable disadvantage; for if you tuck your head well down against his chest, and keep your left arm fairly well up, he will be entirely unable to bring his right into any effective play upon your head.

If you are, as we suggested, in a corner, continue this in-fighting whole-heartedly until he steps back and gives you a chance to get out; but, if not, it is best to get smartly away after having planted five or six really punishing blows.

It should be clearly understood that although we decidedly advocate the adoption of in-fighting tactics when actually in a corner, we do not suggest their use in the ordinary way. Though they are, of course, perfectly legitimate, they are, perhaps, of not so sporting a character as ordinary out-fighting.

And, above all, never resort to the insidious "holding" devices which a good many "clever" professionals manage so neatly to conceal under the disguise of ordinary in-fighting.

The "duck" is a very useful manœuvre, when a man has led at you so quickly that you could not guard his blow. It consists in avoiding a hit by combining a movement of the head sideways with a certain flection of the legs, so as to bring the body on a lower plane.

It should be only cautiously used, however, for a good man may delude you into ducking to a "feint," when he will lose no time in dispensing a powerful upper-cut.

E. R. FORDHAM.

OLD FRIENDS

A MAN'S REVERIE.

I was seated in my cosy den, and my eyes had become weary of reading. Lying back in the armchair my thoughts wandered on friends—old friends.

My pipe went out. I lazily twisted a piece of paper into a spill, and lit it at the candle.

Soliloquising on my pipe, I thought: Girls would call you a horrid, beastly thing, old chap; you aren't very nice-looking with your dirty face and bitten mouth. But what does that matter? You've been a true pal, you've been my comforter, and often my sole companion.

NO BEAUTY.

What long tramps we've had together, you and I! I know I was rather sick of you when first I became acquainted with you, and I know you often disagreed with me; but when I learnt your merits I felt more and more drawn towards you.

Yes; you are a dirty, nicotine-sodden, wooden-headed chump. I know all that, but still you are one of my oldest and best pals. Often have I thought of throwing you over. But I am like old Scotty, you know he would never throw an old pipe away. Many a time have I seen his collection of pipes when he had the old rooms.

Yes, Scotty, where are you now? You were a reckless dare-devil, Jimmy. Remember that time at school when you plunged into the old mill stream, and risked your neck to save young West? Not many would have dared to tackle that almost certain death, but you, old sport, did it.

I know you were expelled for cards, but what does that matter? In sport there wasn't a straighter chap. You always played the game, win or lose; you always came up smiling.

THE REMITTANCE MAN.

Jimmy, I wonder where you are now?

Playing hell, I fancy, with a few more similar exiled remittance men up in the bush. Yes, I remember you wrote saying you were horse-breaking. Aye! I expect you'll break your neck some day. A death that will suit you too. I know you'd prefer to die in harness than any other way.

And then Carter comes into my mind. He had some of your traits—a splendid chap with his fists was Carter.

Ay! that was a fine time we had in the old days. The showman thought he'd an easy thing on when he challenged their lightweight champion to fight for a monkey a-side. They laughed then.

I remember, though, Carter, when you peeled, how we gave you good advice, trembling all the whole crew of us, except you. It might have been we that were doing the work. Then, didn't you fight! "Go it, Carter, old boy. Slog him." And, Carter, you did slog him.

ONE OF THE BEST.

Then you, with many other brave-hearted chaps, heard your country's call, and went out to the wild veldt of Africa. I remember that letter you wrote saying you were then really living. In the thick of a hand-to-hand encounter, you lived. You said you loved fighting.

Thank God there's a beast in every man, and your brutish instincts were fighting. Somewhere in the Transvaal, your bones lie beneath the sun-scorched veldt.

You lived to fight, and died serving your Queen and country. Carter, you were one of the best!

What's that bit of leather in the corner? Oh, only Flick's collar, poor chap! How often have you gone to the hunting grounds after the furry rabbits on the moors! Didn't you enjoy it, Flick, old boy? Always game for anything. I really think, Flick, you understood me better than any of my men friends. You couldn't speak with your tongue, but your eyes performed that function for you.

DEAD AND GONE.

Haven't I seen that look on a lovely summer's morning when I've been breakfasting and you wanted me to be coming out. If I was in the blues you would thrust your old nose into my hands and lick me.

Faithful old chap, never again shall I see your like, though I may get a nicer looking doggy. You weren't over pretty, old sport, you know; but pluck! You had that, old boy. Somehow, when I think of the times we've had, I curse the fellow who shot you. Of course, I know it was an accident, but then—you were my friend.

That photograph there? Yes, that's one of my dearest possessions on this earth.

God bless her! When I gaze into that sweet loving face hanging there, how my thoughts fly to the old homestead of my boyhood's days, when we roamed the hills and dales together.

SISTER AND FRIEND.

We had some rollicking times together, hadn't we? Ah! those old nights when we played chess together.

You loved it, you know. You loved to give me checkmate, didn't you? I know I was cheating if I happened to be winning. You said I was.

Now you're married, little girl. I envy Harry. But then he loves you as well as I do. You'll probably play chess with him and talk of your old bachelor brother in his digs.

J. GERRARD.

THE COUNTRYMAN IN TOWN.

Just as the jaded city worker flies in holiday time to the seaside and the country, so does the man who has his being, all the working year round, in the provinces, come to the big cities—and chiefly to London—for his annual respite from business.

But the average country visitor to the Metropolis does not generally do his sightseeing on the most advisable lines. He rushes too much. He tries to cram too many functions into the short time at his disposal. So that on his return home he has no very clear idea of what he has and has not seen. It is better to see and enjoy a little with thoroughness than to give to many things only a cursory investigation.

REMINISCENCES OF A ROLLING STONE.

II.—MORE RUGBY FOOTBALL.

To continue my Rugby recollections, I have played the game in strange lands.

I joined my regiment at Halifax, Nova Scotia, known, and justly known, as the "Subaltern's Paradise," for sport of all kinds was plentiful, the people hospitable to a degree, and the Halifax maidens charming.

Football was popular, and many a tough struggle did we have with the "Wanderers," the Navy, and other teams.

One winter we went on tour, eventually reaching Charlottetown, the capital of Prince Edward Island. I have played on some queer football grounds, but that one was about the limit. It not only sloped precipitously but ran in ridges—a switchback sort of ground, and as hard as iron.

I thought I knew something of "strenuous" football, but that match was an eye-opener.

The Prince Edwardians were not content with throwing you down and jumping on your stomach (whether you had got the ball or not); they bit you, preferably in the ear. It was a merry game, played in a blizzard.

Prince Edward Island was a Prohibition State, no liquor being supposed to be sold anywhere. It was the only place during the tour where some of the team got more aboard than was good for them.

From Canada to the West Indies was rather a change, but we continued to play football in Jamaica—temperature about eighty degrees even after sundown, and the ground like a brick.

I am probably the only Rugby man who ever scored a try in a stable.

At an up-country match the ground was bounded at one end by stone stables, which were only a few feet away from the goal-line. I managed to get away, but as I crossed the line a pursuer was right on my heels. I reflected that if he brought me down I should go smack into the stable wall, so with a last despairing effort I twisted to one side, hurled myself through the open stable-door, and grounded the ball under a pony.

At another match, an excitable Creole seized me when I hadn't got the ball and hurled me among the spectators. I was a bit confused when I arose and, thinking I saw the aggressor before me, I asked him what the blank, blank, he meant, blank him! Then I perceived that I was addressing the General's daughter, and withdrew.

The scene changes to Pietermaritzburg, Natal. I had played on hard grounds before, but at least they had been grass-covered. The pitch at Maritzburg was of bare earth, not a blade of grass on it, and about as yielding as granite.

Later, I took part in a tournament at Johannesburg, where again the ground was plain earth, watered during the tournament at a cost of some £70 daily.

It is easy to be wise after the event, but when the "Springboks" came over here, I knew they were going to make it sit up, for even some ten years before, South African football was more than useful.

Perhaps it is only an old fogey's grumbling, but it does seem to me that the detestable spirit of "win—fairly if you can—but win," which mars professional "Soccer," is creeping into Rugby.

The Rugby of my young days was rough, undoubtedly, but we played the game. There was no pushing a man in the back when he hadn't got the ball, no deliberate off-side play, no trying to bamboozle the "ref."

And if anyone had offered to pay our expenses he would have got a nasty punch in the eye.

C. G. BULKSLEY.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

WITHOUT LIMELIGHT

By GEORGE R. WHITE.

It was always my contention that Ernest St. John Clavering, otherwise known in the days of our youth as "The Stalker," would one day be a great man. That I was right is borne out by the fact that his portrait, executed in slap-dash vivid colourings to double life-size, smiles upon London from the advertisement hoardings of the leading West-end halls. Attached to it is the usual weak joke, such as one sees on all such comedian-booming yards of the three-colour-process man's skill.

From that glorification of the man you all must know (but by a different name), I go back to the time when the only announcements of his appearance were made in blood-red ink on pieces of foolscap pasted on the windows of a little corrugated-iron roofed mission-hall in a back street of the pokiest, most smelly little fishing town north of Great Grimsby.

In those days we affected to be "Bohemians." Faugh! How the very name sickens me now! We—poor young fools—considered ourselves under this category because we had kicked over the traces of visible domiciliary authority; because we had no "best" clothes to wear on Sunday, and consequently did not affect what dear old Clavering called the "*bon ton* of the *bourgeois*"—little knowing or caring how utterly hideous would that idiom have been to Gallic ears.

Also, our shoes were down at heel, and we dined off as little as possible; this, luckily, being fashionable and not a bad thing for constitutions hereditarily disposed to gout, as ours were not.

Our friendship with the sparkling Clarimée La Vane was primarily the little thing from which the great things afterwards associated with "The Stalker" sprang.

I do not mean to suggest for one moment that Clarimée was a little thing. "*Au contraire*," as "The Stalker," the exponent of bad French, would say.

Having, for some weeks, fulfilled the part of a beer-fountain to the stage-carpenter of a little theatre where Clarimée and a fit-up "Repertoire" company had had an unsuccessful three nights run, we were once permitted a peep behind the scenes. And then Clarimée, being, as she afterwards explained, "fed up with the —— show" (things were all one colour to Clarimée) kicked off Clavering's angularly-worn cap to "cause a bit of (same adjective) excitement."

We were in the crazy and ancient wings, and on the stage two of the "second leads" were gagging feebly, awaiting the entrance of the principal comedian, who was at that precise moment making ardent love to the limelight man in the "flies" and refusing all persuasions to neck a soda and get blinking well sober.

Finally, the distressed stage-manager sought for the understudy to the leading comedian's part, only to find that he had been put in gaol at their last place for not paying his landlady. And then it was "The Stalker" who stepped to the front.

"Gi' me his props," said "The Stalker." "Li in 'San Toy,' sir?" he added, turning to the manager. "My dear man, I saw it twenty-six times in London, and if I can't Huntley-Wright that part for you, I'll—I'll have Clarimée's dainty slippers for an *entrée*."

Clarimée's slippers were comfortably spared his dissolution. "The Stalker" came out of all with flying colours, even to the dancing, half of which he improvised brilliantly.

Afterwards the manager came up and congratulated him.

"Sir, you ought to be one of us," said he.

My friend favoured me with a sickly smile, and accepted his flabby, outstretched hand.

"I suppose," he confided to me afterwards, "that he intended that remark for a compliment. *Ma foi!*"

Clarimée, whose hair was of that peculiar shade which is only half-described as auburn, smiled us farewell.

"Won't you stay to supper?" she asked. "Bread—cheese—and a pot of liquefied cockroaches?"

"No thanks," we said. We walked along some time in silence.

"That girl," said Clavering suddenly, "has ideas. 'Liquefied cockroaches' for best London porter is good, eh?"

I think two evenings elapsed and then it chanced that we stumbled into a bedraggled Clarimée in the driving rain.

"Hullo; why aren't you on?" asked "The Stalker."

"Some bleatin' writ-merchant from London has done it on the Old Man (the actor-manager) properly," said she. "Taken every bloomin' rag of the prop skirts, and left me—a clergyman's daughter, too—with only me own clothes to wear. Scandalous, ain't it? And this hat's right out of fashion, see? Line's absoballylutely incorrect!"

We had foregathered under a street-corner lamp. By its light I saw Clarimée's rather pinched face break into a smile, thus deviating the water that dripped from the split brim of the straw hat into other channels.

"What about—er—finances?" said "The Stalker," delicately.

"It doesn't matter about this chatelaine being gone at the seams," she said, with similar reserve.

Clavering casually took the chatelaine from her.

"There seems to be one safe compartment," he said, opening it.

He returned it to her; but his forte was not sleight of hand. Both Clarimée and I saw the half-sovereign rather awkwardly dropped in. In addition it chinked on a Hinde's waver, thus calling for remark.

"It's good of you, Kiddy," said Clarimée.

"We've to be getting along," said Clavering.

She looked at him half surprised.

"Don't you want to know where I hang out?" she asked.

"Why should I?" he asked.

"Oh—well, you don't know much about fit-up companies, Kiddy," said Clarimée. She laughed uneasily.

We turned to go.

"One moment," she said. "About your acting the other night—d'you think you could do it again, or was it just the *feeling*? I *was* an artiste once, until the uncertainty of the screw on Saturday nights knocked the interest of it out of me, so I know the feeling—the thing that chucks you into the part heart and soul."

There was a pause. "The Stalker" was, by nature, modest.

"Look here," she said, "to put it straight, it struck me that you and I with the conductor of our late orchestra at the piano, could do a good variety show here. Have you anyone that would be—er—hurt about your appearing with me?"

"With the exception of my old pal here," said Clavering, "who is not narrow-minded, there isn't a soul in the world who cares a damn for me."

"What say, then?"

"I'm game," said Clavering, devil-may-care-ly.

We had our moments in those days....

II.

I printed the aforesaid bills in letters of blood-red myself, so that I am of all persons *the* authority for stating that Mme. Clarimée La Vane, "late of the Repertoire Co.," positively appeared at the little tin-roofed hall, hard by certain dark and sluggish waters, E. St. J. Clavering, versatile comedian and dancer, being in support.

I was on the programme also, ticketed vaguely as "descriptive vocalist." I was, as a matter of fact, beyond all description. And there was our pianist "from the Bechstein Hall"—a long way from it, everyone would have been bound to admit.

We had a rehearsal on the morning preceding, and certain toilers of the deep added to the interest of the proceedings by poking large and generously mahoganied faces round the "stage door," smoking and giving advice.

"Don't send 'em away!" Clarimée hissed to "The Stalker." "Go on, Kid. Laugh at 'em. It'll be a fine advert. if they tell their pals—and it's too windy for the boats to go out to-night."

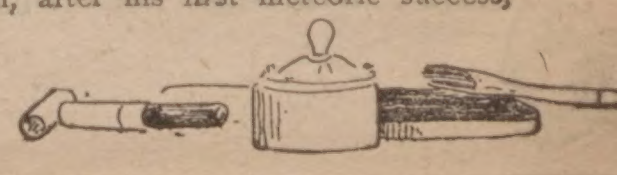
The excellence of Clarimée's business instincts was proved, for that evening we had a full house—the first of many. I will dispose of the company quickly. Clarimée sang "saucy" songs about "bits of fluff" and indulged in scraps of crudely suggestive patter that sank about an hour after the performance into the minds of the stolid audience, except the Scotsmen who belied the reputation of Berwick, Lerwick, Fraserburgh, and Peterhead by promptly seeing all the witticisms and expectorating most enjoyably.

Our accompanist, a very thin-faced gentleman who (poor devil) had found music not the most generous of mistresses, played accompaniments with the sweet patience of an Italian organ grinder, remaining, however, accompanist, that is to say, dutifully following the soloist instead of imagining the accompaniment the solo.

In my part of descriptive vocalist I described a certain girl as "a pearl," with eyes that "mesmerised" one. I also intimated to the audience that I wanted them to see her, as she would "set all their hearts in a whirl"—which my slight experience of indigestion leads me to believe to be an uncomfortable feeling.

The audience, however, overlooked that. I must say, in fact, that they bore our grey interregnum between the frequent appearances of "The Stalker" with admirable fortitude, but they were 'cute enough to reduce our applause to a respectable minimum.

But when, after his first meteoric success,



it was announced that Mr. Clavering would appear again, they stamped, those good fishers of mackerel, while Scotland continued to smoke cutty plug with enthusiasm.

His songs would have given no one but a genius a chance to shine—and "The Stalker" was nothing if not a genius. He dispensed with the written patter and doubled up those weatherbeaten men of the coastwise towns—Lowestoft to the Orkneys—with exceeding great laughter, guffaws from the diaphragm and "ho-ho's" from the heart.

That little hall, with its forms upon which the local Plymouth Brethren were wont to sit on Sundays, literally rocked. "The Stalker" was stupendous, immense, grand!

The whole thing concluded with a farcical sketch entitled "The Burglar." As I was responsible for half the original libretto of this, I am driven to admit, in the light of after events, that minus Clavering, it would have gone down smack. It would have looked up, metaphorically speaking, like a weak child that has just made its entry into the world and, being disgusted with it from the outset, gasps and severs connection with it. All those remarks I had thought so witty were received in stony silence from the beginning.

Relief came, however, from a member of the audience. "The Stalker" in the title rôle had had his revolver confiscated from his collection of jemmies, &c., by me—the (invisible) hero. It was not until he went around looking for it and a member of the audience shouted out "the lang mon's got it," that there was as much as what Mr. Mark Sheridan terms a ripple on the water.

Then "The Stalker" commenced to supply his own interpolations and, while Sir W. S. Gilbert utterly objected to gagging, I as a fellow author (!) must say that I felt grateful to my comedian. In the language of the alleged critics of the Drama, Clarimée was "suitably brisk and bright" as the lady of the burgled house.

The curtain went down amid much heavy applause and satisfied expectorations. As a concert party we were made.

I think we had been going strong for the space of three weeks when the inexorable finger of Fate interfered with the schemes we had laid. And Fate chose for her instrument a music-hall agent who had come to persuade a local lady convict of some public notoriety to appear at the music-halls for a week or two.

Our fame had spread abroad even to the better-class public-houses, and as, strangely enough for a music-hall agent, this man happened to have rather a liking for whisky, a favourable report of our show got to his ears also.

Thus began the making of "The Stalker." Circumstance insisted on it. We did not know what the appearance of the diminutive, greasy, plastered-haired man in the front row of the shilling reserved seats meant to at least two of us.

And how widely divergent were to be the effects on both.

He sat there, that little man, stony-faced and waiting for old gags. He did not hear them. When "The Stalker" warmed up to his job I saw him bite his lips. It is not seemly for a music-hall agent to laugh. But at last even his consistently-suppressed sense of humour was exhumed. It came out with a sort of rasping snort—like steam from a quickly shut-off valve—that laughter of the belarded one.

When the crazy canvas "curtain" had come groaning down, he rushed "behind" with note-book open, prepared, as he afterwards admitted, to pay double the £50 weekly (one year's engagements guaranteed) that he offered to "The Stalker" then and there. My friend accepted without further argument.

Momentarily, Clarimée's rather improved face lit up.

She looked to "The Stalker." I could see her ample bosom heaving with something of conscious pride.

Yet he did not volunteer the information that it was she who had brought him out; he did not even ask whether she, his partner in the sketch, could be included in any way in the good fortune.

"Luck's my way, isn't it?" he observed to her in the same tone with which he accepted success or defeat.

"I'm glad—I congratulate you, Mr. Clavering," said she.

The little music-hall agent looked up, curiously.

"Er—who's this?" he asked.

Clavering introduced her formally.

"Let's see." The agent affected to search his brain. "Miss La Vane—er——"

"Twenty-seventh rate member of the rottenest—cruellest profession"—she cut in, flushing. "You needn't worry your head, cocky. Good-night."

And she left us.

"Extraordinary excitable woman," said the agent. "Er—not?"

"No. Certainly not, in any way," "The Stalker" laughed.

It was a man's way.

It was not until the next afternoon that a thought of Clarimée occurred to him. And then the local evening paper, the early special edition of which he bought, was so generous as to refer to a certain lady, picked up in the water of the sluggish river, as "Miss Clarimée La Vane—Actress"—which a twenty-seventh rate music-hall artiste, technically, is not.

THE "DOG PADDLE."

Frank Beaurepaire, the famous Australian swimmer, holds that our methods of teaching natation are all wrong. Here the young swimmer is taught to lie more or less flat on the water, and to strike out, with the inevitable result that his head goes down, he gets a mouthful of water, and is frightened and upset.

The Australian and English champion taught himself to swim—and the method is common in Australia—by paddling like a dog swimming, that is with an up and down movement of the arms.

This way the head is kept well out of the water, and if he tires, the swimmer has only to drop his legs to stand up, that is, if he has taken the very necessary precaution of learning to swim well within his depth. By using the "dog paddle" the young swimmer gains that confidence in himself and the water which is so essential to enjoyment and success.

Next to swimming itself, Mr. Beaurepaire believes in walking as the best training for swimming contests.

His opinion in this respect is shared by most of the great swimmers of to-day.

FAIR HEEL AND TOE.

"See! He runs! He runs!" went up an excited shout from thousands of Greek throats at the Olympic Games at Athens some years ago when an English walker was observed to be easily outdistancing his competitors in a race. And their mistake was fairly natural for fast walking looks very like running, so much so that it is difficult to detect an unscrupulous walker when he drops into a run. But here is a tip that roughly works fairly well.

Watch him and see if at any moment both his feet are off the ground together. If they are, he is running. By the rule of "fair heel and toe" one of the two feet must of necessity be on the ground all the time.

THE EVE OF ST. PARTRIDGE

A SPORTSMAN'S PLEASURES OF ANTICIPATION.

South of the Tweed, only the keeper's gu
had spoken, at rare intervals, for many month
Even the rabbits had been left to their ow
devices—to feed on the best of the land,
increase "like rabbits," to do their sha
of damage and take their toll of crops.

But the other day, as if the lull before th
storm, a strange suggestion of coming doo
hung over the fields and the quiet land
Probably the feeling only existed in th
sportsman's mind as he strolled about, arme
only with a walking stick, and followed by
well-trained dog.

The hay crop had long since been c'eare
away, and a bright yellow-green aftermath o
growth had clothed the fields again, creepin
up to the very edge of the shapely hay-ric
in the corners of the fields. Some of the co
had not only been cut, but carried and stored
and much of the countryside seemed alre
with game.

Over the rolling country we could stroll f
silence for the last time for many days, fo
to-morrow—on that fateful September 1—th
guns would begin to speak again and the
coveys flit here and there, at each flight re
duced in numbers.

That day—barely a week ago—was all ant
cipation, and the sportsman longed to slip th
two neat, weighty little cylinders of death int
the shining barrels and let off a right an
left at—anything. His fingers itched to be
the trigger. He handled his gun lovingly
and looked a thousand times at every pa
to see that all was ready. At last, almo
wearied by the long remaining hours, h
strolled out.

The sun was shining steadily down on
typical English countryside. There were the
bushy hedges, out of which rose the tall elm
Lolling against a gate, at whose sides were
still remnants of the hay that dragged upon
the brambles as the loaded carts passed
through, the full tide of summer life could b
felt, heard, and sometimes seen.

Along the hedges, where below the thi
foliage all seems dark, the rabbits moved
and out lazily. But the attention was claimed
chiefly by the sight, two short fields away
of a full covey sunning and dusting upon a
bare patch of earth where the rabbits ha
thrown up little mounds from the burrows.

There they wallowed and shuffled, and
pecked in supreme contentment. Or was
in uncertain anxiety? One could almost im
agine that they, too, knew that their doom
was not far off, that to-morrow they might
never rise over that further hedge as they
sweep away from the approaching guns.

But this was fancy. Only to you, looking
at the gate, did these thoughts come. Now
and again you heard the creaky "peer-itz,"
"peer-itz" of the birds calling across the
fields.

For you, with a gun and a few acres of
far-away farm-land to wander over, a land
where the stiffness of the great "shoot" is
never seen, but where a man may potter for
hours together, that 31st of August was a
long but a pleasant day.

To-morrow you would spend from early
morning till evening strolling easily over the
acres, gun in hand.

And that day went easily along. Its at
mosphere, its emotions, its sport, its whole
character stamped themselves upon your me
mory, and many years hence, when the land
farm has perhaps passed to other hands
and you are busy with money-making in a
city, or with some other business, the scenes
and scenes and sounds of that day will come
back as a sweet memory to you.

C. Hill

WARNING TO AMATEUR INVENTORS

OWING WHY THE GAME IS NOT WORTH THE CANDLE.

ere are certain subjects that fascinate almost to the verge of insanity. One m is the search for some contrivance ention that will instantly bring a fortune creator.

hese days we all of us use many simple ivances that save our time and add to comfort, and we gather from various ces that the production of them has ght much grist to the mills of the persons onsible for them; and so we begin to k that we also might invent something would be useful to everybody and pro- le to us.

PATENT AGENT.

, the man who feels this kind of in- tion, I should advise him to drop it like ed-hot coal; 999 out of every 1,000 table inventions of modern times have produced either by persons with special nical knowledge, or else by enterprising ts who have special knowledge as to the knesses of existing patents.

he ordinary man hardly gets a look-in. patent agent will take his money, but in st every case he discovers that the nce of his invention has been anticipated, he leaves the field a wiser and a poorer than he entered it.

emphatically warn anyone with an inven- faculty to keep off the course, but it is a ing that will not be listened to.

the present moment there is one par- r commodity, which the law of libel is me to name, but which is bringing profit to its makers. I know the agent carried that patent through, and I have ssed the matter with him at great length.

IPATED.

e principle of the invention to which I had been anticipated years ago, and yet particular application of it to the par- r article which I must not name had previously been thought of.

was a bright idea and likely to be a table one, but the agent knew perfectly that he could not secure for his client a t that would be beyond dispute. The knew it also.

that could be patented in connection this invention was the radius of certain s and the points at which the centres of circles were fixed. The idea was a new and a bright one, but the invention had anticipated in part and could not there- be regarded as safe when patented. rtheless the matter was carried through.

N'S DELAYS.

thing was one that appealed very gly to the public and met with almost diate success, but the exploiter of it very well that with success there would competition, and with competition de- The inventor was a shrewd business and what he did was to float a com- with a capital of some £100,000. The s were promptly taken up and the com- has now in the bank practically the e of its nominal capital. It is therefore fighting position.

soon as anyone infringes its admittedly patent, it will secure an injunction st that person, and will carry the case gh the various courts to the House of . This process will take at least two , and by that time the competitor will ably be out of the field from lack of

Although, therefore, the patent of the company is weak, those in control of it have by diplomacy made its position strong, for any man in the business knows very well that to dispute the validity of that patent would be hopeless; he knows that their patent could be upset, but he knows that he would have to spend thousands of pounds in fighting them before he upset it.

That proprietary article, therefore, may be considered as a striking example of the inventions that are made successful by the efforts of the patent agent and the company promoter, rather than by the merit of the invention itself.

ANOTHER MAN'S BRAINS.

My comments would be much more interesting if I could name the things to which I refer, but it is impossible to do so.

The second instance in my mind is connected with a certain article of military and sporting wear. It was brought out about twelve years ago, and it was such an improvement upon anything of the kind that had previously been produced that people did not mind paying something like four times the price they had previously paid.

There was, however, an unassuming little tradesman in the Strand who had made a similar article a year earlier. The workman who assisted him to make it had afterwards started on his own account and had produced the patented success.

WHY THE PRICE FELL.

He sold it to an agent, and the agent sold it to a company.

Eventually the Strand tradesman paid a visit to the company's office, explained how he had anticipated them and asked whether they would care to take him into partnership. They flouted the idea and invited him to take what action he liked. The action he took was to produce their patented article without paying them a royalty, and to sell it for much less than they charged.

When they sought an injunction against him, he produced the original model that he had made, and they lost their case.

That is why the price of this particular product fell within two years from two guineas to 10s. 6d., and in some shops to 8s. 11d. The company retains its patent in all other countries than Great Britain, but as we were one of its most profitable markets, it has lost a great deal in losing its patent here.

These two instances—and they are true to fact—show the danger of dabbling in patents and inventions.

Everybody knows that the man who thought of putting a circular piece of wood between the cork and the wire of a ginger-beer bottle made a fortune, but that man was one in a million of inventors, and it may be reckoned as waste of time to attempt to follow in his footsteps.

Not more than one in ten of all the inventions that secure a patent ever yield any profit at all. Most so-called ideas have already been exploited in the way of patents, and you do not discover that they have been exploited until you have paid the large fees that the agent charges to make a search of the records in the Patent Office.

A HUNDRED-TO-ONE CHANCE.

Of those inventions that yield any profit at all, the vast majority are not of a genuine character, but are either developments of a previous patent or are cunning legal side-steps that can be made only by an agent.

The man of ideas will be well-advised to disabuse his mind as to the likelihood of his making a fortune by inventing something profitable. He may do so, but the chances are 100 to 1 that he is only wasting time that might be much more profitably spent in improving himself in his own particular profession or trade.

H. POPE.

SPORTING WAGERS.

SOME AMUSING EXAMPLES.

Wagering, as distinct from gambling, is a healthy feature of sport. The instinct to back yourself to do something better than another man is a natural one, and does no harm, for there is no need to back yourself for more than you can afford to lose.

The late Dr. Gale, who was stone-blind from early manhood, once made and won a remarkable wager long after he had lost his sight. This was to ride a horse-race against a friend.

The course was along a road, and wherever there was a turn Dr. Gale had friends stationed, armed with bells, which they rang so as to warn him of the corner.

Many years ago a sturdy farmer of Croydon undertook for a wager to bowl a skittle ball from Croydon to London Bridge—a distance of about eleven miles—in five hundred bowls. He accomplished the feat with fifty-five shots or bowls to spare.

More recently, a couple of enthusiastic golfers played a match from the church door of one village to the church door of another, some seven miles away. The players could take any line they pleased. One man went across country, driving for all he was worth, but the other—and eventually the winner—stuck to the road and advanced by putts.

The late Captain Machell was fond of wagering that he would jump from the ground on to a mantelpiece and arrive and remain there standing up. It was a very difficult feat, but he could do it two times out of three.

The late "Cavendish," the celebrated card-player, once undertook for a wager to play twelve rubbers of whist and afterwards correctly to repeat the fall of the cards to each trick. He won.

A very poor golfer once backed himself to beat a scratch man on level terms, on condition that he was to be allowed to say "Boh," three times during the match, just as his opponent was about to play.

He won easily and without saying "Boh" once. Every time his opponent "addressed" his ball he stole up near him with his mouth open. His opponent, expecting to hear the "Boh" every moment, was completely put off his play.

Another golf match, recently decided, extended over eighteen first-class links, and occupied the best part of two months.

F. GARDEN.

JOY COMETH in the MORNING

The innocent brightness of a new-born day is lovely yet.—WORDSWORTH.

Fully to taste that joy which "cometh in the morning" you must greet the dawn not from bedroom windows, but in the open.

If you have never kept the middle watch by night on board ship, never done sentry-go from 4 a.m. to 6 a.m., never lain out in the heather or the woods, and stirred with the first twittering of the birds, the first sidelong glance from Old Sol's burning eyes, then you have never known the joy that cometh in the morning.

What is it, this pleasure of the dawn?

To some extent it is the supreme sense of physical well-being that every healthy man feels when the first, faint glimmer of the morning strikes athwart the sky.

This sense of life and strength is not an illusion; it is a physiological fact. Man's vitality is at its lowest ebb between two and four o'clock in the morning; but from that time it begins to rise, and keeps on rising until once more it bobs downwards.

AN ALL-NIGHT VIGIL.

It is in the hour or so before the dawn that the sick man's life trembles in the balance. Sometimes with the flushing of the sky he passes to his rest, but, more happily, he takes a new lease of life with the rising of the sun.

To the man who has to keep an all-night vigil, the coming of the light brings an unutterable relief. We men are but children of a larger growth, and is there one of us who deep down in his heart is not just a little bit afraid of the dark?

To the soldier on active service the dawning day brings a very practical relief, for it is just before the uprising of the sun that surprise attacks are mostly made.

A horrid hour—that on sentry-go just before reveille!

ON SENTRY GO.

Private William Pincher does not like it at all. A town-bred rookie, the wild has a thousand terrors and mysteries for him. Every changing shadow is a menace, the very soughing of the wind is sinister, the faint rustling of the bush or bracken as some midnight animal marauder steals homeward with dripping jaws, brings William's heart from his ammunition boots into his mouth.

Then the dawn breaks, perhaps gradually, as in temperate zones; perhaps with the crude suddenness, the swift rising of a pitiless ball of fire of the tropics; and William thaws.

He stretches his limbs, expands his chest, and sniffs the sweet, fresh morning air. He is a little disappointed that the enemy have failed to pay a morning call; he feels good and strong, full of the Briton's spirit of "It's a fine day, let us go and kill something."

But, perhaps, Mr. William Pincher, Esq., late of the New Cut, is not disappointed.

Just as the first streaks of pearl shimmer in the East, William's voice rings out short and sharp: "Halt! who goes there?" "Halt! who ——" bang! A shiver, half of joy, half of nervousness, passes down the waiting ranks of the troops behind "standing to arms" before the dawn. Is it some blanked fool loosing off at nothing, or is it battle, battle on an empty stomach, with the chill of night still in your bones?

Bang! bang! the whole outpost line is at it. There is no mistake; it must be; it is the real thing.

A HERO FROM THE SLUMS.

Now then, Bill Pincher, show that you have grit in you, though you were brought up in mean streets and on gin and cold potatoes.

Good lad! that was a hefty thrust—just a half turn to free the bayonet and at 'un again.

Look out, Bill, or you'll cop it! By God, Bill, you have copped it. Never mind, lad, we'll give the beggars an extra one or two for you.

The joy of battle cometh with the morning. Life cometh with the dawn, life goeth out with it.

With the first rays of the sun Nature awakes and bursts into tumultuous song—Private William Pincher sleeps the long sleep, an assegai through his breast, a snarl on his drawn lips, and the radiant dawn beating on his white, ugly, upturned face.

In the midst of life we are in death, and the morning is the harbinger of both laughter and tears.

ON THE FACE OF THE DEEP.

Let us turn to more peaceful scenes—dawn at sea.

How will you see it? From the bows or deck of some great steamer? It is good from there, but there are too many "housemaids" about. The dusting and sweeping of the great ship irritates one.

Give me for choice a small boat in which, with a trusty companion, I have spent the night fishing, whether with success or not does not matter. There is a sheer delight in being on the face of the waters by night.

Material joys come with the morning, and the man is a fool who disdains them.

Hot coffee and pipe or cigarette are never so good as when taken with the dawn at sea.

A NIGHT IN THE OPEN.

Or give me some grassy promontory where I have dozed or kept vigil with the stars the long night through, and let me watch the advent of the day.

Hopeless, impossible to attempt to describe it. Even Turner never quite got the magic of the first embrace of morning sun and sea. One can but record impressions.

Gone the doubts and tremors of the night.

Again the sense of well-being, of hope, We are ready, eager for the fray.

Shadowy though be the dawn, she accentuates life. The sea is never so salt as at the break of day. Our mental, moral, and even physical vision seems clarified. For a time, we are clairvoyants, and endowed with the strength of ten.

I do not think any man can watch the dawn on sea, mountain, or moor, and not go down on his knees, and thank his Maker for the boon of life.

But there are other dawns. The hopeless dawn of the long, long Indian day when, after an hour or two of fevered, punkah-driven sleep, you wearily arise and see short, yellow dawn of the Indian day ch with cruel swiftness to the brazen glare o implacable sun.

Swinburne sang "Songs at Sunrise, in India and other tropical lands white greet the rising of the sun with curses.

There is the "hopeless dawn" of the ried business man, who sees nothing him but a day of doubt, distraction, disaster.

WHEN DAWN IS UNWELCOME.

Millions of people dread the dawn. joy cometh with the morning to the o worked clerk, the "sweated" seamstress, man out of a job, and with hungry mouths to feed?

Thousands of hospital patients greet dawn with sobs and tears, for with the m ing cometh the sickly smell of chlor the operating theatre and the knife.

Thousands of people hate the dawn. their ways are evil and they love not the l

Thousands, again, go through life wit ever seeing the dawn. They never taste first crisp sweetness of the early morning they never watch Nature turn in her sleep, and awake, throw aside the coverlet of and leap to greet the advancing sun.

They miss much, these lie-abeds. know only the workaday world, crude violent.

NATURE'S AWAKENING.

They never savour the fascination of half-world, that crepuscular land of shad shapes, of flitting phantoms, of half-b cries and movements.

The cinematograph enables us now to w the growth of a flower from bud to blos but through the smoked glasses of the you may see all Nature come to life.

The joy of strength cometh with th ing to the strong man, the joy of hope the sick man when the morning light bat his room and tells him that he has journey yet another night's march through the and tortuous Valley of the Shadow of D

Let us then take courage with the morn and find in the dawning of a new day fr hope, fresh strength, fresh fortitude to b the cross laid upon us by the Father of

NORMAN F—

BURYING THE HATCHET.

Just as two men will often feel a sort of expressed fellow-feeling for one another, sooner or later become fast friends, so it frequently happen that two friends "fall out" or have a quarrel, the severity which will be in direct ratio to the depth the real friendship that exists between the

But in nine cases out of ten such q as these arise over relatively trifling cause possibly a hint slily let drop by some th person who is interested in effecting a bre between the two; and whose probably suggestion would be exploded if the "fri would only "have it out together" in commonsense way.

Possibly, again, they both work in the s office, and one holds a slightly superior po tion. Sometimes a quarrel will arise thro the resentment shown by one at the fanci dictatorial tone of the other.

It is a pity that so few men, in such believe in "burying the hatchet." Never who is in the wrong—why not take the f step towards reconciliation yourself? S a proceeding is the clearest demonstra equally of good intentions, commonsense, firmness of character. And a good man admire you for it.

But the man who presumes on such action of yours is not worth having for friend at all.

PRIZE SHORT STORY.

THE AMATEUR BOOKMAKERS

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

I.

Special train running Waterloo-wards from Hampton Park took up its usual motley crowd. The first-class compartments members of the aristocracy, who ought to have known better, [illegible] in such plebeian English as is used by the [illegible], as they stumbled over the ample [illegible] victuallers, whose appearance [illegible] of their business. Here and there [illegible] loudly suited, hobnobbed with [illegible] of the legitimate profession, and [illegible] nalists requested leading jockeys to put [illegible] window and (for the Derby's sake) let in [illegible] fresh air.

It was a very hot afternoon.

In third-class carriages the gentry who had come down for a little "holiday racing" found their after the enjoyment of the glorious open air [illegible] been somewhat marred by the failure of [illegible] horses to catch the judge's eye first, the [illegible] of an exceedingly stuffy ride to town was by any means a pleasurable one.

At last, however, the carriage doors were closed, the ancient wheeze about the necessity for a tin-opener at the other end had been once [illegible] cracked, and the returning race special was [illegible]

Next to one another in the corner of a third-class carriage sat two young men of eminently respectable appearance and Semitic countenance. "Well [illegible] m'boy," said one to the other.

"[illegible] you come off?" asked "Issy"—or, to [illegible], Mr. Isaac Baumenstein.

Mr. Saul Abrahams shrugged his shoulders [illegible]ively, and murmured something that [illegible]ded like "Yikhobenishkinegelt" (which is very differently in its native Yiddish).

"Not a deener?" asked Baumenstein.

"Not one penny beyond my fare home," said [illegible]ahams.

Mr. [illegible]enstein withdrew an elegant and [illegible]-coloured mercerised-cotton handkerchief [illegible] the cuff of his pink shirt, which was of the [illegible]ose tint that meets with the approval (where [illegible]aper is concerned) of the publisher of the [illegible] Times."

[illegible]ping his forehead with it he returned [illegible], and proceeded to set his wing collar [illegible] his tie upon which a horseshoe pin [illegible]d against the black.

Opposite him his friend went through a similar [illegible]ormance and flicked some cigarette ash off his [illegible] coat, idly noting as he did so that [illegible] his fingers flashed commendably.

[illegible] black eyebrows, pink and white [illegible]xions, rather weak eyes behind gold-[illegible]acles, and generously displayed lips. [illegible], prided themselves upon their [illegible] English bearing, appearance, and

[illegible]e done with it," said Abrahams.

"[illegible] you've made money!"

The palm of Mr. Baumenstein's hand came up [illegible]ed vertical.

"[illegible]y boy, and I know when to stop. I lost [illegible]any of the ready I brought with me this [illegible]

"[illegible] you—he leaned forward—it's *seein'* this [illegible], Issy, that's put me dead off it. I [illegible]nt to let on to this lot in the carriage that [illegible]e case—but, all swank apart, it's the first [illegible] ever seen, though I've backed 'em for

[illegible]my lamps open, too! Saw 'em start, [illegible]n in runnin', saw everything. Issy, my boy, [illegible] know I wouldn't bet even money on any [illegible] betting properly off, much less winnin'. [illegible] you are!"

Abrahams sank back into the luxury of an [illegible].W. Railway's third-class carriage.

"Bookmaking," said Mr. Baumenstein after a [illegible], "is *the* thing. The other's a mug's game."

"I know a chap," said his vis-a-vis, "who [illegible] makin' a penny book when he was a porter at Willesden Station. He's now tippin' his old pals bobs to open first-class carriage doors for him."

"What you want in bookmakin' is capital, a good lot of clients, and possibly a reliable clerk or partner——"

"Ah! *That's* where you have it, my boy. Where are you going to get a reliable partner? Now if *I* had a reliable partner with, say, fifty quid——"

"In the first instance, Saul, you couldn't trust a stranger——"

Mr. Abrahams puffed reflectively at an evil-smelling cigar.

"How much money have you got to put into a little bookmaker's business, Issy?"

"How much have you?" asked Baumenstein.

"I don't see that I could take a partner with less than fifty *pfund*."

"Have *you* got fifty?"

"Well—almost."

"Let's be havin' the figures, Saulska, the figures——"

"Twenty *pfund*," said Mr. Abrahams impressively, "and this." He tapped his forehead.

"I see," said Mr. Baumenstein with contempt. "Thirty *pfund* in your mind."

"No. Thirty pounds' worth of shares in the company for the use of my brains—handy things when your partner's a bleatin' sheep's head!" Mr. Abrahams snapped, and relapsed into voluble Yiddish, to the great amusement of the sweltering carriage-full of Gentiles.

Momentarily, it seemed as though the friendship of years was dissolving amid throes of anguish.

"Half a minute," said Mr. Baumenstein, returning to English. "What chances are there our way for a bit of quiet street-bookmakin'?"

Mr. Abrahams choked back his emotion in the interests of business, which the Chosen People ever put first.

"Any bloomin' amount. The old firms are dead afraid. They don't know how to manage the police and the publicans. But"—Mr. Abrahams winked—"you have a bit on me."

Before Waterloo was reached the S.P. firm of Messrs. Baumenstein and Abrahams—no promises of cash after the race accepted—was established on a half-share basis with a capital of Forty Pounds.

II.

By trade they were both in the wholesale clothing line, beyond the ken of all but the sojourners in the Bow Road. Their respective fathers, "good" Jews, wailed dolefully at the time of Yom Kippur, and continued to "sweat" the labour of the seamstresses who made up the men's "reach-me-downs" at a diminutive so much per dozen.

The late summer found trade with them indulging in a period of inter-season dulness.

"But," as Mr. Saul Abrahams remarked, "you won't catch me in what the Old Man terms his 'varehouse,' this winter. I'm led to believe, Issy, that they speculate almost as much over the sticks, and by that time we should be pulling in an average of a tenner or so a week."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Baumenstein, the practical, "but what about making a start?"

It was the blank Monday before a byegone Doncaster meeting.

"Don't be in too much of a hurry. What about the 'Book of Rules,'?" asked his partner, grandiloquently.

"Here you are," said Mr. Baumenstein. "All gilt-edged and lovely."

"They give confidence," Mr. Abrahams observed admiringly.

"The extra for the gilt-edgin' was not wasted, Saul. I pride myself on that."

Mr. Abrahams said nothing. He was lost in admiration of the "Book of Rules," which partook of the size and appearance of a cricket club's fixture card.

Perusing the rules with the limits duly mentioned, the firm's reservations as to Owner's and Trainer's Selections, Jockey's Mounts, First Favourites, &c., no sporting critic could have described them as anything but fair—to Messrs. Baumenstein and Abrahams.

Under the side-head "Investments" it was stated: "No commissions are executed under 6d. win or 6d. 1, 2, 3."

The last rule of all, in black-letter capitals, read: "Clients are respectfully requested not to ask for credit, as same cannot be given."

"Issy—it's grand!" said Mr. Saul Abrahams. And they entered forthwith a big gin-palace to begin the campaign according to the plans laid down by that gentleman.

At their appearance there were several remarks from certain British workmen anent "Sheeny dudes," which, had it not been for the fact that both the partners were so "thoroughly English," might have been mistaken for a reference to them.

Scowls from an unshorn gentleman in shirt-sleeves behind the ample bar silenced thes remarks.

"Two whiskies and a Polly split," said Mr. Abrahams, loudly, withdrawing a handful of gold, silver and copper from the pocket of his purple-striped and excessively new suit.

"Good 'evins. Your name Joel or Rockefeller?" exclaimed the proprietor in a loud voice, adding softly. "Jingle it, sir. Jingle it!"

Mr. Abrahams jingled it accordingly, and dropped several pieces on the floor.

Several of the British workmen, who had relapsed into a doze, immediately woke up and murmured something about having distinctly heard some money fall out of their pockets, one inventive gentleman adding that he should tan his old woman's back for her omission to sew up the hole that had existed in his jacket for weeks.

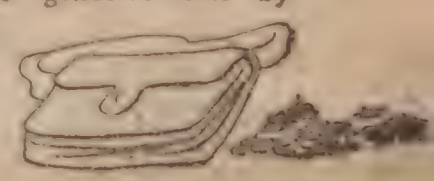
He found a sixpence that providentially rolled his way, but as Mr. Baumenstein was very quick to pick up the rest of the money, it represented the only reward of imaginative genius.

"I should treat all these chaps if I were you, sir," the partner's Mentor went on. "It all inspires confidence, as you said yesterday, an' some o' these chaps bet big when they're in work."

Treated they accordingly were. And thus, for the space of an hour, beer flowed so freely that the news spread even unto Shoreditch, and after a while further excitement was provided by the fights of the Legion of the Thirsty to get in at the doors.

In the midst of it all wandered the bribed pot-boy handing out the firm's "Book of Rules," while the whole house responded with enthusiasm to the proposal of the proprietor that "Success to the firm of Baumenstein and Abrahams, turf commission agents," should be finally drunk with three-times-three all round.

The firm, trying to look as if this translation of their hint to the proprietor that they thought they had "done enough to it," pleased them, bowed to the cheering and made a graceful exit by way of the bar-flap, several having shown very practical



curiosity as to the state of the finances of Messrs. Baumenstein and Abrahams.

Their Mentor (and the proprietor of the gin-palace) conducted them into a private sitting-room far from the madding crowd.

"No, my friends," he said, deprecatingly. "Don't thank *me*. I'm always too pleased to be a helping hand to sportsmen.

"As you said yesterday, Mr. Abrahams, the old firms made the mistake of not keepin' in with their public. They was aloof, stand-offish, hole-and-corner-ish, sort of give-us-your-rhino-an'-go-to-'ell.

"Now the B.P. don't like that. They like a little due appreciation of their position as sportsmen. When they meet their commission agents they like to have practical demonstration that the bank ain't stumped for an odd counter or two—cause that's all that money is in racin'—mere counters.

"You may 'ave noticed that they like a little recognition——"

"We have, we have," said Mr. Abrahams a little dolefully. "Just three quid."

"And now what else remains for you to do?"

"We must be going now," said Baumenstein with some decision. "If we don't meet that chap, Saul, ——"

"There'll be trouble," Mr. Abrahams responded readily.

"But, one moment. Of course, if you gentlemen don't wish for my co-operation—— Ah, thank you. I was sure you did, but you seemed in such a 'urry, and it was only the matter o' the 'tecs—the narks—I wanted to lay afore your notice.

"I'm in with 'em, of course. A man wot wants to be makin' money at all' *must* be. Now"—he leaned forward confidentially—"there's two of 'em within three feet of where you're standin', Mr. Baumenstein."

Mr. Baumenstein jumped, and for a moment vague fears that they had disguised themselves as two comfortable arm-chairs entered Mr. Abrahams' head.

The licensed victualler laughed largely.

"I mean the other side o' the partition—in the private bar. They're disguised, o' course. I tell ye, you never know 'oo you're 'obnobbin' with.

"Now I'll just touch this bell—so. Now, take my advice gentlemen—I must leave yer now, as it's no business of mine, and you will note *I* asks for nothin' whatever—take my advice, I say, an' limit yourselves strictly to a quid apiece to these narks. More would be—over-patronisin'."

It was just five minutes later that the proprietor held conversation in the private room with two seedy-looking individuals who elected to remain after the departure of Messrs. Baumenstein and Abrahams.

"You owe sixteen and eightpence, 'Arry," he said to one, "and you, Bill, fifteen shillin's. Give me the shiners as per agreement. Thanks. 'Ere's your change.

"And now you start with a clean slate—which I may call a *permanently* clean slate, as no further credit'll be given. The chance o' such gullible asses, as the two 'Ebrews 'oove just quitted this 'ere room, ever providentially appearin' again to pay off your beer-scores is too remote for yours truly to accept the odds. So good afternoon!"

The alleged "narks" shuffled out.

And the eminent licensed victualler as, with the "Daily Mail" over his face to keep the flies off, he settled into a comfortable arm-chair for the afternoon's nap ruminated thus:

"Three quids' worth o' trade and two old scores I never expected to recover paid!

"Wonder what them gilt-edged books o' rules cost 'em? Well, the more they cost the more the dead loss.

"Wonder what they'll think when they find their commissions to-morrer amount to nil?

"Wonder if they'll ever tumble to it that the 'monied if rough-and-ready-lookin' clients' I interjuced them to are nought but perfessional lowerers of beer?

"Wonder why—o'oh. . . . Gawd bless 'em all, *I* say."

And he fell asleep.

SINGLE COMBAT

THE JOY OF THE "ONE MAN" GAME.

There are excellent reasons why every man should make a point of becoming proficient in some form of single combat sport.

Most men can put up a fairly good show at one or other of the sports in which several men go to make a side, and each man's work is part of a concerted plan carried out by many. The pleasures of those kinds of sport where a man is one of a team are very great, and they give scope for the exercise of qualities that the single combat does not call for.

Thus, in rowing it is gloriously exhilarating to feel that one's stroke is perfectly timed with the rest, that the pull of the entire crew is simultaneous, and that not a jot of strength is wasted.

UNION IS STRENGTH.

It is the same in every sport played between sides or teams. A man delights in joining in with others, uniting his skill to theirs and his strength to theirs.

He even feels that the very fact of union gives him individually additional strength, which is all to the good. It was a sportsman, you may be sure, who put this feeling into a terse phrase when he gave the crew the proverb "Union is strength."

The influence of this sporting union is appreciated wherever sportsmen congregate, whether they are playing or not. It is this which makes a success of a club just as it does of a game or a battle.

Rowing is probably the best example of this spirit, because in rowing one can see the effect of the common purpose in the regular swing, pull, and feathering of the oars, and in the athletic movements of the men themselves. But in many other sports it is present as certainly, if not as obviously.

The qualities that combined action fosters in a sportsman tend, however, to make excellent followers rather than leaders and originators, and this rôle, while being the lot of most men, is not the highest to which a sportsman can aspire.

ON HIS OWN MERITS.

The training of single combat comes in here to supply just those athletic, physical, and mental qualities that the other sort of sport does not foster.

While working with others there is a certain amount of reliance placed on one's own side, and a certain amount of the hard work has to be done by each in turn. In single combat, however, a man will sink or swim solely on his own merits.

He will have to make and take opportunities without support from allies; he will have to depend solely on his own skill. In this respect single combat offers a better training for the sportsman than other kinds of sport.

The most popular forms of the single combat are boxing and wrestling. Here ... antagonists have a double work. ... not only frustrate the plans of his ... but he must act on the offensive as well.

The finest form is a combination of ... and it is to be gained most readily ... boxing or wrestling.

Of the two sports, there is much to ... for wrestling as the superior from a ... exercise point of view.

BOXING AND WRESTLING.

In boxing there is to some extent ... tion of movement. The primary ... to get the better of your opponent ... of blows, necessarily restricts one's ... tions. In wrestling, however, there ... finitely more numerous ways of ... victory than in boxing, and for ... I would put it at the head of the list of ... combats.

Every muscle, limb, and portion ... body has very hard work to perform ... wrestling. The whole frame is called ... action, and there are no reserves. A ... match is a pitched battle of a very ... character, and a man who can come ... not absolutely beaten at every point ... proved his athletic prowess.

Whereas in boxing, one lucky hit ... may do the work, it is steady, ... muscle work that tells in wrestling.

WINNING BY ATTACK.

Certainly to make a good wrestler ... necessary to have a very fine ... development of an all-round character ... methods of attack and defence ... finitely varied, that thorough training ... can avail a man.

There are many other sports which ... the qualities so necessary in ... boxing. Single lawn-tennis is ... form of single combat. Here one has ... means of outwitting one's opponent ... though never at grips in the physical ... to make a successful stand requires ... initiative and complete control of the ...

Single-sticks and fencing offer almost ... tical opportunities with boxing for the ... of skill and initiative. They help a ... take the offensive, which is half the ...

A waiting game is sometimes a wise ... but the sportsman with confidence in ... and power cannot play a waiting ... ways. He must strike out for victory ... than win by the other man's default. ... single combat sports are his delight.

G. H. M.

THE BUSY MAN'S "DAY OFF."

Though by the time these lines are in ... holiday season proper will be over ... towards its close, there will still be many ... who will not have "been away" yet ... probably they will grumble.

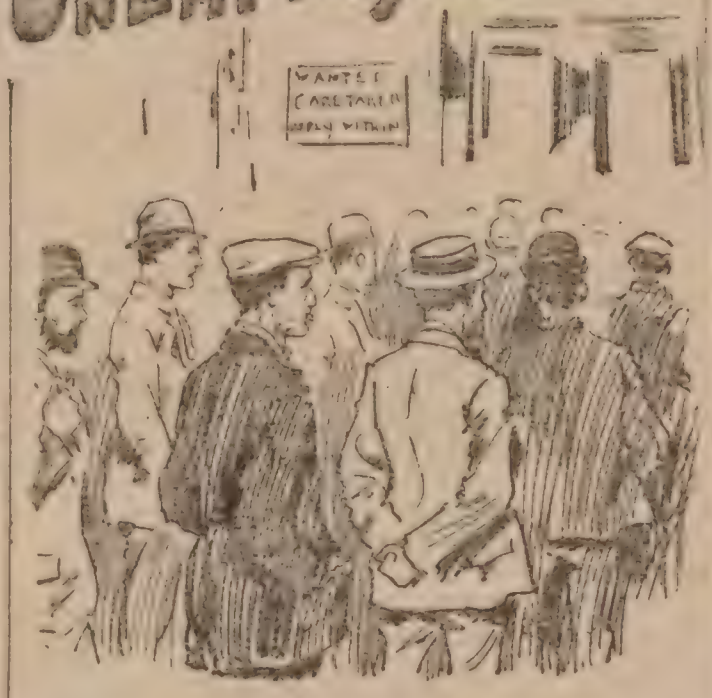
But they are by no means as badly off as ... might be. They are lucky to be getting ... holidays at all. Hundreds of business men ... adays are so hard worked that they cannot ... away for any length of time, and they have ... content themselves with an occasional "day off."

It is a strange fact, however, that in nine ... out of ten that "day off" finds them entirely ... decided as to how to spend it.

At the last moment they begin a feverish ... sideration of this important question. Golf? ... Commonplace. Day in the country? Very ... all by oneself, and so on and so forth.

In the end they are so worn out that ... they stay at home, or else go for a 'bus ride ... cool of the evening.

EX-SOLDIERS AND UNEMPLOYMENT



A NEW ASPECT.

A good deal has been said in the Press lately regarding the large number of ex-soldiers who are among the ranks of the unemployed.

I have been a soldier myself, but I must in common fairness dissociate myself from many diatribes levelled against the Government for their apathy in this connection. Looking at the matter from a common-sense standpoint, it seems to me that until the soldier begins to evince a desire to help himself he can hardly expect much assistance shortly after discharge.

DEFINITE PLANS.

I have known thousands of men who have left their discharge, and of the number I could count on the fingers of my two hands those who had any definite plans, or who had any reasonable claims to remunerative employment.

True enough, scores of them had before enlistment been good and maybe clever workmen in their own particular line, but none had made any attempt during their Colour Service to keep in touch with their work. After seven years, and in many cases still longer, of this inaction a man has practically to commence afresh—his former experience being of very little real use to him.

Nowadays, in all departments of labour, methods are progressive, and conditions which existed seven years ago are wholly different to-day. Therefore, while admiring these discharged soldiers for their pluck, I can but realise what a grave risk they are taking by throwing themselves on the labour market in the present congested state, with absolutely no preparation for the struggle.

THE ARMY AS A SCHOOL.

As a rule the usual result is that they are not able to get work in their own line and gradually drift by easy stages into the ranks of the "unemployed."

On the other hand there are a large number of men who join the Service who have had a working knowledge of any trade in the name. These also swell the happy throng.

The question that I would ask is: Is all this necessary?

A proposal was mooted some years ago that the Army should be made an Industrial Training School by giving soldiers an opportunity to learn, and make themselves proficient, some calling while actually serving with the Colours.

This, of course, would be an ideal solution of the difficulty if it were ever realised. But under the present régime there appears very little likelihood of the necessary funds being forthcoming, although this would seem a particularly applicable method of disposing of the cash obtained by the many economies in the pay and allowances of the Army which have been effected of late years. So that it is to be feared that things will still go on in the bad old way.

THINK FOR THE FUTURE.

But again I ask: Is it necessary? I would appeal not to philanthropists or for legislation, but to the soldier himself.

Surely a man in the Service, knowing what a fearful struggle it is for an ex-soldier to get employment, would be well advised to devote some of the leisure hours (of which he has not a few) in obtaining training and experience in some branch of the industrial

It might certainly be a drain on his slender resources if any charge was made for such tuition; but even then it seems evident that a little pinching while serving is well repaid by freedom from months, or possibly years, of that terrible period of "hope deferred" which so many are unfortunate enough to experience.

In regimental employment alone, of course, very little is possible. Practically speaking, the only real opening in the Regiment is the pioneers' shop, and vacancies there are necessarily very scarce.

CHANCES IN THE REGIMENT.

Waiters in the different messes, cooks, etc., get a certain amount of experience; but hardly of the kind to be of material benefit.

But my contention is that there are in every station firms who, if approached in the right spirit by the right people, would give soldiers an opportunity to gain information and experience which would be of inestimable help to them in time to come.

At any rate in some stations a scheme something on these lines is being worked at present with the restriction of whole time employment to men in the last six months of their Service.

The above applies more particularly to manual labour. But there is another side to the question.

In the Army of to-day there are very few really uneducated men, while not an inconsiderable proportion have quite average mental capacities. Clerical employment is found for many such men in the Service.

Now this is all right so far as it goes, but experience in a military office is of very little weight in business circles.

Do any of these men so employed ever think of learning other branches of clerical work than those which are required for their present task? Very seldom indeed.

A good example of this is the matter of shorthand. It is by no means a difficult subject to master, and the cost of tuition, if any, would be more than covered by the gratuity paid on passing a moderate test.

WHY NOT THE CIVIL SERVICE?

It has often struck me that the Civil Service of England in itself should provide berths for a large number of ex-soldiers. I grant that the examinations are rather stiff, but there are many who, if only ambitious enough to prepare for them, would not be among the "also rans."

The regulations give to soldiers, &c., a great privilege as regards competitive examinations held by the Civil Service Commissioners for clerical and other appointments, by allowing them to count as their actual age for examination purposes that on which they enlisted—*i.e.*, by their deducting from their age any period during which they have served with the Colours.

I am not endeavouring to put soldiers down as hopelessly lazy and apathetic. But the thing of which I am convinced is that they are not awake to the necessity and feasibility of preparing themselves for civilian employment before actually leaving the Colours.

If the idea once took root, however, I am confident that it would be found quite possible, and would cause some very different statistics concerning ex-soldiers and unemployment than those that exist at present.

Till then I think much of the sympathy accorded to ex-soldiers is obtained under false pretences.

MEN WITHOUT EXPERIENCE.

Very few boys start in life without some previous training. Why, therefore, will men expect to be successful when making a second start in life, with no useful experience, unfamiliarity with existing economic conditions, and facing the very frequently-met distaste of employers to engage ex-soldiers? The last difficulty is probably only the legacy left by generations of soldiers similarly unprepared.

D. R. WARD.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain many thousands of potential friends who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver-tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

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The League Badge (Actual size.)

"BREAKING IT OFF."

CAN A MAN GO BACK ON HIS WORD?

Of all the problems of honour that beset a man who is anxious to do the right thing, one of the most vexing is the breaking off of a marriage engagement.

Usually it is the lady's place and privilege to return the man his engagement ring, and, although sometimes she may be called a jilt, the world, as a whole, excuses the woman who breaks an engagement.

With a man, however, it is different. If it become known that it was he who broke the plighted troth, more or less serious reflections are entailed upon the lady.

A gentleman, therefore, will always try to make it appear that the engagement was broken by the other side, or by mutual consent.

Nothing, save the gravest reasons, can justify a man in breaking an engagement so long as the other side is willing to fulfil the contract.

It often happens that a man fancies he has fallen genuinely in love, when it is only a passing infatuation. He discovers his mistake and at once has to wrestle with an exceedingly difficult problem. Assuming that the lady cares for him, should he tell her of his changed feelings or not?

Honour, on the one hand, says, No; you have made a mistake, and as an honourable man you must take the consequences.

On the other hand, an honourable man may fairly argue that if he goes on with it she is sure to find him out sooner or later, with the result that both will be unhappy.

Moreover, in his marriage contract the man implicitly undertakes to love the woman, and if he cannot do this is he not guilty of a base deception?

This is a case where the lady is in no way to blame, and I do not suppose you would find two men to agree on what should be done in the circumstances.

Nor is the case where the woman has done something to forfeit her lover's affection and respect so simple as it might seem at first sight.

An engaged man, we will say, discovers that his fiancée is unworthy of him. Is he justified in demanding his release or taking it if it is refused?

If it is a case of a secret moral lapse, I do not think there can be much doubt that a man has a right to break off the engagement.

But, perhaps, he merely finds that the lady is untruthful, selfish, extravagant, or has some unpleasant characteristic that was concealed until they became engaged. What is his position then?

Well, it seems to be that, on the whole, he must "go through with it," and pay the penalty of having asked a woman to be his wife without having satisfied himself that she was all that he could desire.

Sometimes a man finds that his fiancée has undesirable relations, or antecedents, and that there is some dark page in the family history that has been kept back from him.

In such a case, where material facts have been deliberately withheld, a man is probably justified in breaking off the engagement, if he wishes to do so.

A particularly difficult situation arises when a poor man, not necessarily a fortune-hunter, is engaged to a well-to-do girl who suddenly loses her fortune.

Every instinct of honour commands him to stick to her, yet by doing so he may be condemning her as well as himself to misery and blasting his career.

On the other hand, if the position is reversed, and it is the man who loses his money, he is in honour bound to offer the girl her freedom.

S. R. ANSTRUTHER.

MY NOTEBOOK.

TERRITORIAL DISCIPLINE.

There has been a good deal of discussion in the Territorial Force, and also amongst the general public, over the cases of the two Territorials who were sentenced, one to a month with hard labour, and the other to fourteen days' imprisonment.

In the first case the man was convicted of refusing to obey orders; in the second, of indulging in "back chat" to an officer.

It is not necessary for me to recall the details of these cases to your attention, for they are doubtless fresh in your memory. What I should like to discuss is the justice of such sentences, for that is the point of interest.

It may be urged that the authorities, military or civil, have no right to throw a man into prison for using to an officer such a phrase as "You clear off." The sentence passed upon him is the same as would be awarded to a pickpocket, and the stigma of having been in gaol will remain with him throughout his life. And yet how is discipline to be maintained if flagrant breaches of it are not visited with punishment? The days of flogging in the Army are long since past, and prison remains the only means of correction for serious offences.

A SCOUTING EPISODE.

These two cases are the only ones that have come before the notice of the public in connection with the recent Territorial training, but those who have had some experience of the Force could cite others.

For obvious reasons I do not care to discuss in any detail my own experiences as a Territorial, for I think it would amount to a breach of good taste, if not of discipline, for me to criticise those from whom at certain times it is my duty to take orders. I am, however, free to recount the experiences of my friends, and here is one which throws some light on the present state of discipline in certain sections of the Territorial Army.

The particular friend who gave me the information is a trooper in a London Yeomanry corps, and he heard and saw all that I am about to recount.

It happened during the manœuvres on Salisbury Plain, and these Yeomen were badly in need of food. The transport bringing it to them had failed to turn up, and four scouts were sent out to find it; my friend was one of the scouts; a man whom I shall misname Pultenay was another.

After riding about the country for a bit, my friend and Pultenay discovered the missing transport, rode up to the Army Service Corps captain in charge of it, and saluted him.

"This is the best way, sir," said Pultenay, indicating the road by which he and the other had come.

"I'm in charge of this transport," replied the A.S.C. captain. "When I want your advice I'll ask for it."

"But it *is* the best way," Pultenay persisted. "If you go on as you are doing, you'll only have to come back again."

"If you don't stop arguing," said the captain, "I shall have you put under arrest."

My friend admitted that the scouting party had copiously refreshed themselves at a public-house some little time before; the sun was hot. These two facts may help to explain, though they do not excuse, Pultenay's next remark.

"You silly, lop-eared s——!" he said to the captain. "Call yourself an officer, and keep a whole regiment eating their belts for want of grub, just because you're too pig-headed to take anybody else's advice!"

THE MAJOR AS JUDGE.

In due course the transport, the scouts who had found it, *and* the captain reached the spot where the Yeomen were eagerly awaiting them.

The captain demanded to see the major of Pultenay's squadron, and forthwith he reported the things which Pultenay had said. The major listened till the other had finished. Then he put his hand on his side and said;

"And don't you think that you were ... refuse to have the best road pointed out to ... That was all the satisfaction the A.S.C. c... got.

As he passed down the lines of Yeomen ... taming their appetites on the belated bully-b... and Army biscuits, a general shout arose: "W... told the Captain off?—Pultenay!"

SOME OPINIONS.

These are the facts of the ... Perhaps I may now venture to ... my opinion upon them.

In the first place, I should not have thoug... possible that such an insult could be offered ... any officer, however foolishly he had acted, by ... Yeomanry corps. I am certain that in the R... Own the excellent Pultenay would have b... reminded of the incident by his fellow-troopers ... a very different manner.

In the second place, I do not think that ... excuse can be offered of the major's way ... treating the captain's complaint. The captain ... an absolute ass, otherwise he would not ... provoked the remarks of the trooper, but the t... had no right to express his opinion.

The major's behaviour may be explained ... some extent by a fact of which my friend infor... me—namely, that the major's family and tha... Pultenay are very close friends in private life.

I suppose that the major felt very much pleas... with himself over it all. Not only did he ... the indiscretion of a private friend, but he ... scored off the representative of another co... But did it occur to him that he was undermi... the discipline of his squadron? What respe... will the troopers of it have in future for ... officer—himself included?

There are many things to be put right ... Territorial Army. We are soldiers at heart, ... we want to be efficient soldiers; but we ca... become such without discipline, and it is ... who ... like the major of Pultenay's squadron ... holding us back.

Discipline we must have. Let those who ... against it be punished, but, of course, let the ... punished justly.

THE UNIVERSAL SERVICE PETITION.

I have received the followi... from Mr. C. Maugham, as... secretary of the committee ... organising the Universal ... Petition to the King. He ...

"Dear Sir,—I understand that ... interested in all that appertains to the ... of this country, and I take the opportu... sending you some literature regarding ... Universal Service Petition which is now ... circulated, and a copy of the Petition ... itself. I hope you will see your way to ... this, and get further signatures for us. If ... you can mention the Petition in the next ... of your paper it would be much appreci... by my Committee."

The object of the petition is briefly to secu... system of Universal Service, so that every ... this country may be trained to bear arms ... may be made liable to serve in the United K... dom, so far as may be necessary for the defe... of his country.

As a Territorial myself, I have signed the ... tion without hesitation. At present the Territo... Army does not give us a sufficient number of m... and in connection with service in it there is t... great objection of inequality in the sharing ... burdens; in fact, a premium is put on ... patriotism.

If every able-bodied man were by law compe... to undergo a course of training, then empl... and others who have opposed the Terri... Force would be compelled to give way.

I strongly advise my readers to sign ... petition. Copies of it may be had on app... to Mr. Maugham, at 109, Victoria Street, S.W.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

LEGAL ETIQUETTE.

RULES THAT LAWYERS MUST OBEY.

A barrister is supposed to accept a brief through a solicitor. Similarly his fees must be paid to him directly, but through a solicitor.

Barristers (and solicitors) are strictly prohibited from advertising in any shape or form, and barristers in particular have to be very careful about giving interviews to the Press, and upon professional subjects.

Some years ago a well-known K.C. gave an account of his early days to a weekly paper. It was a very harmless production, in no way boastful, but still it was autobiography and was considered as being written by him. The Bar Mess promptly fined him ten guineas for "unprofessional conduct," which was rather rough on him as he had given the article "free, gratis, and for nothing."

On another occasion a monthly magazine published an article on famous barristers' chambers, illustrated with photographs of the scenes of legal learning. The gentlemen who had permitted the photographs to be taken were promptly haled before their respective authorities and fined five guineas each.

A barrister must not accept less than one guinea for a brief.

Barristers are supposed to be clean-shaven, or at least to have the chin and upper lip shaven, but the rule is not very strictly enforced.

Although it is often done, solicitors are not supposed to accept a lump sum for conducting a case, but to render a detailed bill of costs, which is liable to be "taxed."

It is a serious offence for a solicitor to undertake a case on condition that if he wins he is paid, if he loses he gets nothing.

SPORTING STORIES

KNEW WHERE TO FIND HIM.

"Well," said the successful solicitor, bald-headed and genial, when the irate and excited client, who had just been ushered in, had somewhat recovered his breath, "What can I do for you?"

"I want to bring an action for libel against my neighbour," replied the angry one.

"What's he been saying?" asked the man of the law.

"He said he'd defy me to find a bigger liar and thief than I was myself."

"And what did you do?"

"Why, I came straight off to find you."

GOT HIM AGAIN.

"Heard about Trooper Wilson getting shot?" asked the little boy as he strolled up to the crusty and more than dignified Territorial Colonel.

"No," said the latter with some alarm, "When did it happen?"

"About an hour ago. I stood by and saw it."

"Where?"

"Down at the ironmonger's. He bought a pound of it for cleaning bottles."

NOT THE ANSWER THEY KNEW.

The young man in spectacles, and with a forehead indicative of a mathematical brain, had not been remarkable for his conversational powers when the after-dinner stories were being told. He laughed at the other men's jokes, however, and one conundrum in particular seemed to tickle his fancy.

His mirth thereat had not subsided when the move was made to the drawing-room a few minutes later.

The usual dull music and bad singing followed, and at length there came a period of awkward silence. The young man with the mathematical forehead considered it his duty to say something.

"I say," he began, button-holing his hostess, "I've just heard an awfully good riddle. Can you tell me the difference between a baby and a sea-gull?"

There was a silence. The Colonel cleared his throat with a quite unnecessary deliberation, other men looked daggers at the questioner, and the son and heir kicked his shins in no merciful way.

But, despite it all, he smiled blandly.

"Why," he said, in a silence that was almost too painful for words, "the sea-gull is cradled on the rock, and the baby is rocked in the cradle."

2/6 MONTHLY

MASTERS, Ltd., 13/6 IMPERIAL BOOTS.

For comfort when walking, hard wear, ease and smartness combined, wear Masters' 13/6 Imperial Boots. Every pair guaranteed. Masters' Imperial Boots are good throughout; they keep out the damp, are made from the best selected English leather, box calf uppers, straight cap, three-quarter golosh, jockey back, rubber soles. **13/6**, with gift of **2/-** Shoe-shine Outfit for cash; or send **2/6** now, pay **2/6** on receipt and **2/6** monthly, and you have the Boots to wear while paying for them. Tan Willow **17/6**, same terms. Boot Booklet Free.

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34/6

Our credit terms are for your convenience, therefore you can buy your Suit from us by paying 5/- a month privately by post. Suits are cut to your own measurements, guaranteed good cloth, good fit, good style—every bit good—good lining, good buttons and good finish—Suits which make you feel comfortable and well dressed. Prices **34/6**, payable 5/- monthly. Patterns, fashion plate, and self-measurement form FREE.

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Try **Oatine** now. It is invaluable to gentlemen for use after shaving.

THIS OATINE OUTFIT FREE.

So convinced are we of the merits of the **Oatine Preparations** that we have decided to distribute absolutely free to all, a dainty toilet outfit exactly as illustrated. Send 3d. in stamps to pay the cost of postage and packing, and you will receive by return this dainty box containing a trial size of—

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

CURATIVE FASTING.

Every now and again some theory, which in itself is perfectly sane and reasonable, is seized upon by a few wild enthusiasts—to name them mildly—and reduced to an arrant absurdity.

The most recent instance of this kind of thing is the case of what has been rather inaptly called the "starvation cure."

A man feels out of sorts and dyspeptic, straightway he proceeds to starve himself, and practically to go without food for three weeks, and in one case, I believe, a month.

Now, of course, there may be instances where a course even so vigorous as this may have suited an individual constitution. But, if it exists, it is one in a thousand, and is certainly no sort of warrant for the method being practised by the ordinary man.

The principle that underlies the "abuse" (for I can call it nothing else) is sound enough. A restricted diet and a season of fasting is as old as, and far older than, Christianity itself. It has always been recognised as a short cut, if not a necessity for health.

But to undergo a prolonged fast, simply for the sake of a fad, is something more than foolish.

The great thing is to recognise and realise the golden mean, and to practise reason in this as in all other things. Very possibly a period of abstention from food may prove a complete cure for some of my readers who suffer from any period of debility. Before starting to undergo it, however, they should in all cases have the advice—and the carefully considered advice—of a qualified medical man.

FOR THE HIPS AND BACK.

The following exercises may be used to vary the one I gave last week for developing the muscles of the hips and lower part of the back.

Lying extended on the ground flat on your back, raise the body in the way indicated in the illustration, the left leg being extended to the fullest extent, and the right one bent at the knee, with the foot firmly planted on the ground as in the normal, standing position.

Throw the head well back, and take care that the weight of the body is evenly distributed between the arms and the right leg.

Keep the left leg stiff.

After raising the central portion of the body as high as you possibly can, let it slowly descend.

As soon as there is a feeling of strain or weariness, change the position of the feet, bringing the left one backwards and extending the right leg as far as possible.

SINGING AS AN EXERCISE.

When everything has been said, I suppose there is nothing to equal the simplest and most "natural" actions of the normal human being for keeping a man in good condition.

Among the chief of these I would place singing—which some of my readers will hardly consider as an "exercise" at all.

Technically, perhaps it is not. No one who has ever given the matter of physical well-being any degree of attention, however, will deny its beneficial effects. The man who sings at his work—or at his play for that matter—not only gives evidence of a contented frame of mind, but is also taking one of the best and sanest means of keeping in good health.

The only caution I will give is to take care that you sing, or "make a noise" in a natural way. Needless yelling, or maniacal shrieks and groans are not an exercise for the lungs or any other part of the body.

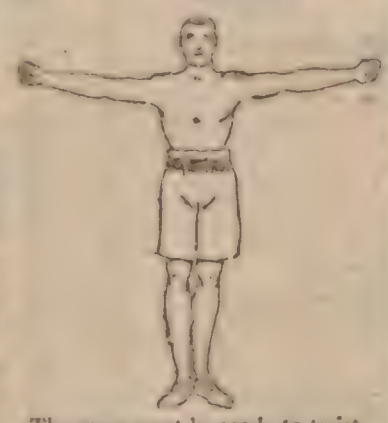
Fortunately, most of us, while not necessarily musical geniuses, have a fair idea of the elementary principles that regulate singing. If you sing as you like to sing, and as you find it a pleasure to sing, you may be tolerably certain that you are doing the right thing from the health point of view.

The best advice I can give, however, to him who cannot sing at all and finds no pleasure in making the attempt, is to have a few lessons from a good teacher at the earliest opportunity.

FOR ARMS AND SHOULDERS.

Stand at attention and raise the arms to the level of the shoulders, extending them as far as possible, and keeping them in line with the chest.

Clench the fists tightly, and then slowly rotate the arms, without altering their position.



The arms must be made to twist on their own axis.

The thumbs, which at the beginning are turned to the front, should come forwards, and not backwards, the motion being continued very slowly until the backs of the hands are to the front.

By the exertion of all your will power you can still continue the movement until the backs of the hands are downwards and the little fingers to the front. But in order to achieve this, do not allow the arms to bend at all or to leave the horizontal position.

Having twisted the hands as far as they will go, return them slowly to the starting position, and past it as far as possible in the other direction.

The benefits of the exercise will be especially felt by the shoulder muscles, but the biceps, triceps, and the muscles of the forearm will also be developed, while the shoulder joints are suppled by it.

There are two essentials, however, to remember, without which the exercise is worthless.

It must be done very slowly throughout, and the arm muscles must be tensed firmly and steadily all the time.

Also be careful to keep the head up and body erect, and not to bend forward as the arms are turned.

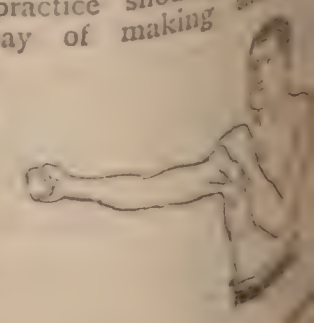
MASSAGE FOR SHOULDER MUSCLES.

Another self-massaging exercise, following on the one I gave in a recent issue, will be found an agreeable way of developing the shoulder muscles in order.

Stretch out the right arm [illegible] the first, second, and third fingers of the left hand, massage the muscles on the top of the shoulder.

In order to bring these into prominence, and so more easily under control, the arm must be moved about, the while in rotating fashion. This must not be done too violently.

A little practice should [illegible] the best way of making the spontaneous contractions and relaxations that are necessary.



Rotate the arm with the [illegible]

Incidentally, I may mention that these top-shoulder muscles, which are known technically as the deltoid or "D-shaped" muscles, are quite as important for the general effect of a man's make and others more readily distinguishable.

The deltoid muscles are of special [illegible] to the weight-lifter, and all those who excel at this form of physical culture should pay attention to them.

A Magnificent Introductory Offer.

A DELIGHTFUL ALUMINIUM MATCH-BOX FREE TO ALL BUYERS OF 100 CIGARETTES.

A CHARMING SOUVENIR WORTH 2s. 6d.

There are still some "MODERN MAN" readers who have not tried the celebrated Cigarettes, made by Alexander, Orr & Co. (Cigarette Specialists), and to encourage sympathies, the manufacturers are making a very bold and liberal offer. The Cigarettes scarcely need any eulogies, for they are of the best quality, made by hand, and have a large following of appreciative [illegible] seurs. Does the offer as detailed below take away from the value of the Cigarettes? Certainly not. Alexander, Orr & Co. make it because they want **MORE** customers, and their recommendations must tell up in a year. The prices are:—

Virginia, No. 14 ... 50, 1s. 6d.; 100, 3s.
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To every First Purchaser of 100 Cigarettes of either of these Brands, the Manufacturers undertake to Send at Once, Free of Cost, an Aluminium Match-box of the Best Finish and Quality, with Striker suitable for Safety or Non-safety Matches, and quite free from any Advertisement. A Boon to Every Smoker, and worth 2s. 6d. at any Retail Store.

Make Application AT ONCE. Send a P.O. 3s. Virginia, or 4s. 6d. Turkish, and a Match-box will be sent with the Cigarettes. Do It To-day!

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

K. R. A. (Great Yarmouth).—Some of the trouble which you complain may be due to the brushes. It is a well-known fact that dirty hair-brushes cause dandruff—if nothing worse. Wash the brushes at least once a month.

M. A. S. (Lincoln) thinks that something ought to be done to compel publicans to serve beer in pints and not in mugs. We can't quite follow the objection. So long as the beer is good, it doesn't much matter what you get it in.

E. A. B. (Doncaster) writes: "Can you tell me what would be a fair price to give for the engagement ring?" It is not a matter to which we have given much attention. It depends a good deal on the lady's means and her tastes.

J. K. S. (Norwich) would very much like to know how to fit himself to become a magistrate. There are, we believe, several quite useful ways of getting about it, but judging from criticisms we have heard and read, some of the present occupants of the Bench do not seem to have followed them successfully.

J. H. A. (Brighton). — There are five kilted regiments in the British Army—the Royal, Seaforth, Gordon, Cameron, and Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

C. B. R. (Glasgow).—A very good way to clean and darken leather chairs, bags, or boots is to rub the material with a cloth slightly moistened with oil. You must be careful, however, not to spill it while you do it.

C. T. (Tunbridge Wells) informs us that at two railway bookstalls where he bought this paper, a copy was fetched from a shelf beneath the counter. He points out that it ought to have been more conveniently exhibited. Most bookstall clerks treat us very well, but some have still to learn which papers are the best sellers. We rely on our readers to do what they can to secure a good show for us. A word from a customer does more good than a long argument from one of our sellers.

J. R. (Macclesfield).—You can remove the stains from your leggings by rubbing the dirty part with soap, hot water, and a rag. This will make them a little darker, but that is desirable. A man doesn't want his leggings to look new, any more than his portmanteau. Absolute newness suggests that he is not in the habit of using them.

A. D. R. (Dublin).—The South Irish Horse are recruiting. Send chaps; join them at once. Apply to the sergeant-major for particulars.

F. M. (Bradford).—Why not try insurance canvassing? It is better, anyhow, than the "spare time employment" fakes advertised.

A. E. D. (London, N.).—Apply to the nearest Labour Exchange.

W. B. (Hove).—Bulldogs are by no means easy dogs to bring up. They are, for example, particularly liable to catch cold. See that your one has a warm bed, free from draughts, and give him plenty of exercise and good food.

C. S. (Oldham).—We don't know how the Duke of Lancaster's Yeomanry stands in the matter of recruiting. Ask at headquarters.

W. R. (Newcastle). — Inquire at the nearest Labour office. There is no magic method of obtaining information.

W. P. (Rotherham).—The sea is a capital life for the man who likes it, but don't suppose it's all beer and skittles.

J. HICKS (31, Richard Street, Liverpool Road, Islington) wants to correspond with League members in Grimsby.

"HILLY" (Studley).—Any wholesale chemist will supply you.

L. G. (Atherstone).—To cure round shoulders, swing your arms round and round, windmill fashion; do the movement from the front towards the back, and repeat morning and evening till the muscles tire.

A. W. J. (London, E.C.) is kind enough to say: "You have made your way in literature by yourself," and he wants us to tell him how it is done—only he doesn't want to spend some years in the process; he wants to buy the information in book form, so as to save time and trouble. You come across a lot of people like that when you run a paper.

G. V. H. (Derby).—If you won't let us publish your name and address we can't help you.

A. C. M. (South Tottenham).—You should have bought the numbers while they were still to be had. Like most of our back numbers, they are now unobtainable.

P. FLEGG (55, Mount Pleasant Road, Tottenham) wants to correspond with readers in his district with a view to starting a rambling club for Saturday afternoons.

M. R. (Birmingham).—Ask the assistant in the Reference Department of your local library. He should be a very useful man to you.

H. S. (Smethwick).—A good embrocation can easily be made my mixing, in equal parts, turpentine and sweet oil; add a glass of whisky if you have it handy.

P. B. (Fareham).—We know nothing against the firm you name, but no stockbroker, however well-informed, is infallible as a financial prophet.

A. T. (Hull).—A safe rule about girls is this: When in doubt, don't.

G. J. (Aberavon).—(1) A lady precedes a gentleman, except in a crowd, when he goes first to make a way for her. (2) After dining at a restaurant, push your chair out of the way under the table, but don't trouble to do so at a private house. (3) When dining at hotels, there is obviously no need to wait till the people at the table have finished before you leave your seat.

H. D. (Birmingham), **J. H. W.** (Brandon, Canada), **T. C.** (Nottingham), **H. S.** (Dover), **W. M.** (Cardiff), **H. P. B.** (Cambridge), **G. S.** (Stockport), **F. R.** (Gourock), **J. B.** (Inverness).—Much obliged to you.

ARE YOU TOO THIN?

I increased my weight by over 28lbs., and from a scraggy, undeveloped youth emerged into robust, muscular, broad-shouldered manhood.

FREE TREATMENT and a VALUABLE BOOK FOR THE THIN, THE FEEBLE, AND THE NERVOUS.

Too Thin—Too Miserable.

EVERYONE must admit that the doctor who has cured himself of some particular malady must be a better "guide, philosopher, and friend" to his fellow-sufferers than he of mere theories.

Now I actually have transformed myself from a lean, cadaverous, emaciated being into a well-proportioned, normal man, enjoying the best of health, and brimful of life's best joys.

Like all unduly thin people, I was hyper-sensitive about my personal appearance.

Tutors plainly told me that my physical shortcomings would materially prevent me making a success as a doctor.

The thought then suggested itself to me that there must be some thousands of other men and women suffering as I, and whilst continuing my studies as a medical student I determined to specialise in the physiology of digestion, with special reference to assimilation and nutrition, so that I might learn the secret of "putting on flesh." After many years of study and experiment I discovered a safe, speedy, scientific, and simple method of producing firm, healthy, muscular tissue and plumpness.

I tried it perseveringly on myself, and I stand to-day a living witness of the fact that the lean, cadaverous, and emaciated may easily be transformed by a simple and safe treatment into plump, robust, and happy beings.

A NERVE-INVIGORATING PROCESS.

The REAL CAUSE of all undue leanness in people is mal-assimilation and mal-nutrition, the result of LACK OF NERVE-FORCE. Emaciation and attenuation are not questions either of appetite or digestion, but LACK OF NERVE-FORCE.

In my new book, entitled "Emaciation—Cause and Treatment," I have fully described and explained this.

THE MAN who is too thin is invariably of an anxious, neurasthenic type, incapable of carrying out the duties of life with vigour and courage.

THE WOMAN who is too thin is anæmic, nervous, worrying, wanting in self-confidence, and is handicapped alongside her plump, self-confident rival, who is bubbling over with joyous vitality.

MY TREATMENT is essentially a NERVE-RESTORING, NERVE-BUILDING, and NERVE-NOURISHING process.

All THIN People can Put on FLESH.

Under my Treatment ALL, whether their scragginess be due to overwork, worry, social exactions, immoderate or careless living, neurasthenic depression, or any other exhausting cause, can increase weight. As their nerves are nourished they gain in health, strength, and vitality. Even those who are still losing flesh are enabled not only to retard the WASTING and WEAKENING process of emaciation, but to quickly regain condition and weight.

Confident of the truth of these statements, I make the following offer:

No. 1. I will send you a course of treatment, consisting of my NERVE FOOD, sufficient for FOURTEEN DAYS, together with my book, entitled

No. 2. "EMACIATION: CAUSE AND TREATMENT."

No. 3. Copies of and extracts from letters of satisfied patients.

☛ FREE.

I can do for you what I have done for myself and hundreds of others. This lady gained 30lbs in a few weeks.

All I ask on your part is to enclose P.O. for sixpence with your application, to cover cost of postage, &c. My book explains my theory of scientific flesh-building and nerve-feeding fully. It cannot be described in detail here, but the following are a few of the contents:

(1) Mal-Assimilation and Mal-Nutrition.
(2) Getting a beautiful figure.
(3) Women who are attractive.
(4) Men who dominate.
(5) Not too fat, but just fat enough.
(6) The Essence of Life.
(7) Neurasthenic Men and Women.
(8) Nerves that Build Flesh.
(9) Woman at Her Best.
(10) The Fuller Life.
(11) How NOT to Put on Flesh.
(12) Good Figures and Clear Complexions.
(13) The Necessity for Guidance.
(14) Treatment by Post.

Write now, enclosing Postal Order for sixpence, and immediately my book will be sent you, together with two weeks' free treatment. Address:

A. GORDON WALLACE, 27, Kingsway House, Kingsway, London, W.C.

Money Talks.

NO. 1.

Two men started out in life together. They were equally matched in regard to their physical and mental equipment. One of them rapidly gained wealth and position, and it was said of him: "whatever he touches turns to money." The other remained precisely where he was at the outset. The difference was that one had the wisdom to utilise his knowledge. He adopted system.

Haphazard methods never made money, either in business or in finance. Look around you at the men and women who, from obscure beginnings, have amassed riches. If you scrutinise their methods you will discover that their whole secret consists in working on systematic lines. That is precisely what

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TO THE SECRETARY,
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Please forward me gratis and post free (as my name is not already on your books) your 40-page and other lists of cheques, totalling £412,370, which you have paid clients acting on your advice and recommendations, together with a Search Form, so that I can verify any single cheque or batch of cheques that I may select. Also particulars of the system of money-making for clients.

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(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title.)
ADDRESS IN FULL .....
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(Please write distinctly.)
DATE .....

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

EXCHANGE.

In political discussions one hears much of the principle of exchange. It is said by some that the goods passing between countries are of greater importance than the actual money which changes hands in connection with the goods.

A point like this is, of course, open to discussion, and your opinion upon it probably depends upon your political views; but the theory of the principle of exchange so far as it applies to the actual conduct of business, is accepted by every man who has won his commercial spurs.

It is all very well to talk about fighting a battle, and winning success independently of any extraneous help, but that idea is more possible in fiction than in actual business there is, and must be, a constant process of give and take.

No matter whether you are a clerk, a small shopkeeper, or a banker, you are not independent. You have at times opportunities of doing a friendly turn to those with whom you work, or even with those with whom you compete, and they, at some time, have similar opportunities of obliging you.

It is hard business and not philanthropy. I am not telling you to go out of your way to lose actions, for I am not addressing a class of fools, but men of the world. What I wish to emphasise, however, is the necessity of playing straight and of avoiding taking any unfair or mean advantage of a competitor.

Only the other day I wanted an additional clerk, and I telephoned to a man with whom I have dealings in business, asking if he could spare Miss A——, who was an efficient girl. He replied that, as a matter of fact, he was on the point of dismissing her as work with him was slack, and that he would be most happy to recommend her to me, as she was a good girl and one whose future he would like to see assured. This is only a little example, but it shows how business men, though rivals, can help one another and also those connected with them.

The great thing is to build up a reputation for straight dealing. If you do that, your competitors may fear you but they will not dislike you, and at times their good feeling may be very useful to you.

It would in some respects be well if I could name the firms to which I refer, and, in the case of which I am about to speak, I do not see that the firm concerned could have any well-founded objection to my doing so, but one or other of the partners' might object, and I should be sorry to hurt the feelings of one of this particular type.

The firm I speak of consists of four men, all of whom are related. They are now extremely prosperous, but only four years ago they struck up against a succession of business reverses, and their creditors seriously considered making them bankrupts. But their reputations saved them.

It was risky for their creditors to have anything further to do with them, but the risk was worth running. These men had always treated everybody fairly, and that reputation induced them from being unduly pressed. They weathered the storm, therefore, and have since prospered.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

FOR AMATEUR SPECULATORS.

As a great many of my correspondents are anxious to know how to speculate successfully with a few pounds, I think it advisable to warn my readers generally that to do so is practically an impossibility.

Do not believe the flaring advertisements that appear in the Press as to fortunes being made with a five-pound note.

You may be lucky in your first deal, or even in the first half-dozen deals, but you are pretty certain to lose all you have and a bit more besides in the long run.

The strong-willed speculator, who has had considerable experience—which has likely cost him dearly—may make money by waiting until prices appear low and then buying shares in sound concerns which he knows are worth more than the current quotations; but even in a deal of this description the financial student is sometimes premature, and he must be prepared to see the matter through if the shares he has bought fall still further; and the cautious man is prepared to average his holding at lower prices if necessary.

Those who cannot afford to lose their money, and who yet wish to take a speculative risk, ought to buy only what they can pay for outright. If this is done with judgment and discrimination when markets are flat and dull, and if the operator is strong-willed enough "to bide his time," substantial profits can be made.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. P. C. (Chelmsford).—(1) At present quite good for financial liabilities, but you must remember your loss is their gain. (2) Should not advise an investment in these. (3) Generally it is best to buy outright, but in the case of high-price stocks to cover with a good margin may be sufficient. (4) G. M. Oilfields, Limited. Quoted in all financial papers.

R. M. (Ballyhackamore).—Having held the shares so long, I think a little more patience may be rewarded by a better price.

"FOX" (Walsall).—I do not advise an investment in the shares you mention. You might purchase a few Rhodesian Coppers, which have just entered the dividend paying list and will, I think, improve in value.

J. W. (Great Sutton).—I know nothing of the firm you mention. Would strongly advise you to keep your money in the bank.

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Write NOW enclosing addressed envelope. Don't wait till you are out of work; it's too late then.

Think what it means to be out of work with perhaps wife and children to keep fed. Is it not worth a small sacrifice now to know that in the time of need they are provided for, for three months, during which time you can look around and secure work?

The Insurance gives you heart to look for work, and cheerfulness is half the battle when you apply for a situation and compete with others.

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

RICHARD SELBY'S WAY

By ADAM STERN.

A motor-car stood outside the post-office of Darley-on-Severn. Richard and Graill had entered the village street at the other end and were descending the slope to the river-side when the latter drew attention to it.

"Isn't that the Lyons's car?" he said.

"Looks like it," said Richard, who had noticed its presence a full minute before.

"It's Miss Lyons," continued Graill. "But who's the chap with her? I don't know his face."

"Nor I," said Richard, pausing to knock his pipe on his heel. A quick, hot pang had unaccountably shot through him.

"Dressed like an Arctic explorer," commented Graill. "Funny sort of get-up for a summer's evening."

The car was only about twenty yards distant, and they could distinctly see that Violet Lyons's companion was muffled in a heavy coat with a deep fur collar, and that he was young. She was engaged in laughing conversation with him, and appeared to have no eyes for anyone else.

They reached the river, and Richard stooped to unmoor the boat.

"Not going up to speak to her?" inquired Graill.

Richard's reply—if reply it was—was peculiar.

"Damn this cord!" he said. "Who was the idiot who tied it in this fashion?"

"You tied it," answered Graill placidly: adding without change of voice, "She's looking this way: I think she expects you to."

Richard, still stooping, sharply turned his head. Then, recollecting himself, he slowly stood upright and looked at her.

For a moment or two he gazed impassively. She returned the gaze, and made no motion to beckon him. But her pose was definitely expectant.

"I'll just go and say how-d'you-do," said Richard abruptly. "Get the sculls out meantime."

Smiling inwardly, Graill entered the boat-house. When he reappeared he saw that Arthur Lyons had come out of the post-office and joined the others. Evidently he was acting as driver, for gauntlet gloves were tucked under his arm and goggles deformed his forehead.

Graill, after a glance, slid the oars into the boat and followed them, sitting spread-kneed waiting for Richard.

The latter was about five minutes away, but when at length he came his expression was cheerful. Perhaps a trifle too cheerful.

He pushed off, divested himself of his coat, and with a powerful twist of both wrists slewed the boat right round, heading her up-stream.

The car went by with gathering speed, Arthur Lyons waving. It disappeared behind cottages. Graill exhaled a comfortable sigh, and lay half-length, letting Richard do the work.

"Who was he?" he asked presently.

"Name of Ronald Bellatly," answered Richard. "A particularly good-looking young man, except that he looks like a ghost. He's been down with appendicitis, and Lyons dragged him out of a so-called recuperating home at Brighton to go and spend a few weeks with them. Object is to pump as much fresh air into him as possible, and to get some colour back in his cheeks."

"Lucky beggar!" quoth Graill. "How old is he?"

"About three or four-and-twenty, I should say."

"A creature of gilded idleness?"

"Studying for the bar."

"Same thing," observed Graill, sententiously.

"He's the son of Bellatly, the eminent K.C.," Richard intimated, between pulls.

"H—m." Graill watched the left bank through half-shut lids. He was obviously impressed. "I suppose," he observed, "one or the other will be taking him out pretty well all day long."

"One or the other," ageed Richard, with an unconcern as artistic as his friend's innocence.

"For weeks," murmured Graill.

"Oh, shut up!" said Richard good-humouredly.

Graill laughed, and all at once pretence between them vanished.

"He's a sort of *enfant protégé* of Arthur's," confessed Richard outright, "and Violet's as well, apparently. Her occasional looks at him struck me as quite unnecessarily affectionate."

"Maternal care," suggested Graill.

"Perhaps," said Richard dubiously.

"Still," added his companion, "it's a big advantage to be an invalid under such circumstances. Girls are in their element looking after something."

Richard was silent, but he rowed faster.

"Would you call him a likeable chap?" Graill asked.

"He's got that tone of cool effrontery which is attractive when you like a man, and odious when you don't."

"Ah," said Graill. It was an illuminating description.

"And the easy assured manner which goes down with most women."

"Some of 'em like modesty better," observed Graill.

"You never know what they like," said Richard, with a touch of grimness.

And suddenly they began to talk of other things.

It may merely have been accident, or perhaps it was that a malicious destiny willed it, that Richard during the ensuing fortnight should encounter Violet Lyons and Ronald Bellatly several times.

He saw them in Moulden, in Bagley, and on the high road between. Generally they were in a buggy drawn by tandem greys, Violet herself driving, with Bellatly beside her, swathed in rugs and a great-coat. And generally they were laughing.

Richard, where men were concerned, had unfailing mastery of himself, but this young woman—as he mentally phrased it—played the devil with his feelings.

He did not know what to think. There was always between them the difference in their social standing, her wealth and his present poverty; though, in truth, she had never regarded them as obstacles, and he surely ignore them if she willing to do so.

He was puzzled, too, that her manner be completely natural at this time seemed to have no inkling of the riot of tions beneath his controlled exterior, ternately, he upbraided her in his her apparent heartlessness and cursed for supposing that he had an inviolate upon her.

In a word, he was jealous. And no more miserable man in Moulden period than Richard Selby.

Ultimately, he encountered her one afternoon—alone—driving a dog-she pulled up on noticing him.

Her first remark, after the greet unfortunate.

"I can't stay a minute," she got to hurry home, as Ronald isn't day."

"Clear off, then," said Richard, rough geniality only half sincere.

"He won't take his medicine un there to make him," she explained a fearful baby."

"Is he?" said Richard.

"Men usually are when they're said Richard, ungraciously.

"Well, thank goodness I'm nev

"You were once," she reminded you were just the same."

"Never," declared Richard, firmly

"You were," she insisted, "only in a different way." Her eyes with derision.

"Well, we won't discuss the Richard. "Go home and do

She pulled a face.

"Not a bit ill-tempered, are said sweetly.

"Why should I be?"

She took the question literally, and ered her brows to think.

"Now why should you be? can't imagine, but I know you are.

"I'm busy—if that's what you mean Richard.

"Oh, you and your business!" claimed scornfully.

"It's my chief concern," retorted coldly.

He had answered the remark as were meant ill-naturedly, though he knew she had intended no such thing he was aching for a row.

And she satisfied him.

"Is it?" she said. "I thought once."

And, with an iciness surpassing she shook the reins and left him.

"Damn!" said Richard, staring in an agony of remorse.

"Old silly!" mused Violet, ex pleased with herself.

And a week or so later she cont Richard should be invited to dinner.

Richard went, but only after an struggle. He wanted to refuse, to independence; but he suspected would read the refusal as pro churlishness—as, indeed, it would There is no emotion which urges to dignified behaviour as jealousy.

And the evening—up to a certa was a dismal experience for R

Other visitors were present; in a prosy old gentleman, whose pet the the reafforestation of the Black Coun who captured Richard on the terra dinner, and thereafter stuck to him leech.

Meanwhile Bellatly, now looking ture of health, monopolised Violet, and significant that his eyes rarely left

...ered away at length into the park, ... where he sat. Richard witnessed ... walking close together beneath a tree, ... distinctly in the growing dusk.

... on no account to be tolerated.

... past hour the thought uppermost ...'s mind had been that here was an ... for a spendid display of heroic un... Clearly she was happy without ..., and so long as she was happy. ... could desire no more. He had ...ured himself nobly renouncing her to ... of a better and worthier man, and ... a glimpse of a saddened individual ... through life bravely concealing his ...w from the world.

... this—this absolute isolation of blissful... was on no account to be tolerated! ...d had forgotten that there is such a ... as primitive pride of possession, and ...ddenly, almost startlingly, it leapt ...ant within him.

... got up and left the prosy old gentleman ... a word. (That worthy ever after... declared that Richard Selby's reputed ... and commercial acumen were ...

... ascended the steps of the terrace, ... the lawn, and without the least haste ...ked the blissful pair. He was quietly ...

... reached them, Ronald Bellatly, with ...rontery, continued what he was saying ...et.

... ordered into the house, Bellatly," ...d, breaking in pleasantly.

... wants him?" said Violet.

... for?" asked her companion.

... time," answered Richard imper...

... followed.

... erected her head a little, with a ... her eyes. Bellatly flushed.

...anks," he said, "but I don't want any ...eine."

...Must obey orders," said Richard. "Violet. ...t where to find it, if he doesn't know."

...nother pause. Richard looked from one ...he other as though slightly surprised at ...esitation.

...s in the ——" began Violet.

...Oh, I know where it is," snapped Bellatly. ...'ll be back in a minute."

...He strode away angrily.

...e he'll probably keep his word," said ..., "we'll move elsewhere."

...sent that message?" asked Violet, ...ing still.

... one. I said he was ordered into the ...I ordered him. No; don't follow," ...added in exactly the same tone.

...turned quickly with a heightened colour. ...ir glances met and clung. His eyes were ...ing.

...you ordering me as well?" she asked ...pirit.

...can call it that if you like," said ...d.

... going," she said.

... waited—perhaps to hear what next ...sible thing he would say.

... will be back in a moment," said ..., "and I've got something to say to ...

...You are, without exception," she an...ced distinctly, "the rudest man I know."

...y likely," said Richard, "but I know ...n mind. Come along."

...ard laughed. It was a laugh with a ... of ... joy in it, and it thrilled her.

...believe," she said, with a sort of gasp, ...ld use force—if you dared."

... almost wished that he would dare.

... in the mood," said Richard. "Come ...

...y well; I shall come," she said. "But ...I know the kind of man you are——"

..."You'll behave better in future," Richard ...d for her.

They walked side by side farther out into the park. Both were silent. And both were happy.

But she had not capitulated yet.

"Well, what is it you have to say?" she asked, standing and facing him.

"Nothing now," said Richard. "I only want to look at you."

"We shall be seen," she said hurriedly; though he had not moved. "Tell me; I am sure there was something."

"Well, shall I remind you that you belong to me, that you've belonged to me since I first set eyes on you, and that I can never give you up to anybody?"

"Well?"

"That's all—except that it's hardly fair to lead on young Bellatly."

"You're becoming rude again."

"The man's in love with you."

"Rubbish! Besides, he's only a boy, and I've known him all my life."

"He's probably as old as you."

"He's the same age to a month, and I'm precisely five years older in experience. Can you understand that, stupid?"

"I can only understand," said Richard, "that you've been treating me abominably lately."

She chuckled with child-like glee.

"Serve you right," she said.

"And Bellatly, too, under the circumstances."

"You needn't worry about Ronald," she returned. "He falls in and out of love half-a-dozen times in a year, and when it isn't me he writes and raves about her. Everybody isn't so serious as you."

"Would you have me different?" said Richard, as they retraced their steps.

"I don't know," she sighed. "You're very trying sometimes."

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

THE "WANTED" MAN.

With an uneasy assumption of outward calm, but with furtive eyes that unconsciously betray the terror that is in his heart, he makes his way among his fellow-men. He envies every one of them, the richest and the poorest. Not one of them, he feels, can be suffering such torment as he is. A man jostles him, and then apologises for the accident, smiling civilly before he passes on. But, thinks the other, did that man but know what he had done, there would be no smile for him.

A policeman is coming towards him. His heart stands still and his limbs seem to lose all power of action. Is *it* going to happen now? Will a heavy hand fall on his shoulder and a cold official voice recall that deed, now irremediable, the deed which he now wishes with all his soul that he had never dreamed of? No. The policeman passes on without a glance at him; and for a short while longer he breathes again.

And then a sudden feeling of rashness comes over him, a fierce rebellion against the heart-sickening precautions he has hitherto observed. He will skulk in hiding no longer. He will visit the gay scenes where happy men congregate. And he does. He strolls into a gaily lighted restaurant. Then comes the end. A voice in his ear—"I arrest you for ——"; and the wanted man is wanted no longer.

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The majority of roses will be the better for a little pruning now, as well as in the spring, but it must be carefully done.

The object in pruning should always be to throw as much food as possible towards the growths that will be most valuable in the future.

By the time these notes appear in print many roses—crimson ramblers, for instance—will have finished blooming, and much of the wood that has already borne blossoms can be cut away, so that the plant may not be overcrowded and may be in better condition for passing through the winter.

Only the young and vigorous wood should be retained. It may go against the grain to cut off the older and apparently flourishing wood now, but it would most likely be dead or dying by the spring-time, and would have sapped the vitality of the younger growths.

* * *

Summer window-boxes at this time of year often look very much the worse for wear, and the contents may well be entirely renewed for the autumn.

There is no more effective plant for the purpose than the chrysanthemum—the pompone variety if low ones are necessary. The plants can be bought at quite moderate prices in pots and often go on flowering from September to December.

The soil in the box should always be covered with a mulch of cocoanut fibre, which helps to keep it moist, and also prevents the window from being splashed with soil during heavy rains.

* * *

A plant which is especially to be recommended for late summer and autumn flowering, and which is extremely decorative in the garden, is the montbretia, of which many varieties are now obtainable.

The commonest variety has flowers of a rich orange colour and fine bright green leaves similar to those of the iris or gladiolus.

Montbretias should be grown in masses and are of very hardy growth, while the flowers are most suitable for cutting.

* * *

This is the most suitable time of year to make an attack upon the weeds that mar the appearance of the lawn.

The regular mowing throughout the summer has caused the heart of the larger weeds to become very tender, as new leaves are continually growing.

A few drops of oil of vitriol applied with a pointed stick to the centre of each weed will soon get rid of the plant, and grass seed can, if necessary, be sown in the bare patches.

The smaller weeds can be eradicated by means of a penknife, or that useful implement known as a "daisy-fork."

C. B. STAINER.

BRITAIN'S STRONGEST MAN

and Readers of "Modern Man."

I, Thomas Inch, better known as "Britain's Strongest Man," am a keen reader of "Modern Man," and having had the generous support of many readers in connection with my famous postal course of Physical tuition, wish to make a

Special Offer

to all readers.

Many people have made the mistake in thinking that my system is one simply for the "**WOULD BE STRONG MAN.**" A greater error could not be made. I certainly have perfected an advanced system which has been most successful (see separate advertisement), and if any reader desires great strength, health development, or in other words to turn himself into a fully fledged strong man, I give my word of honour, he cannot do better than take my Advanced System.

At the same time I wish to state that my whole life has been devoted to Physical Culture from a **CURATIVE point of view. My health section is regarded by myself as the most important feature of my organisation in connection with teaching Physical Culture by post.**

In the words of Carlyle "**There is no achievement in the world that is equal to perfect health.**"

There must be an enormous number of readers of "**Modern Man**" who are either anxious to improve in sports such as cycling, swimming, rowing, golf, boxing, wrestling, tennis, billiards, or, in fact, any sport or pastime known.

There must be also an enormous number needlessly labouring under physical defects such as rounded shoulders, flat chests, emaciation, stunted growth, or ailments such as indigestion, constipation, obesity, weak heart, shortness of breath, lack of energy, nerve troubles, &c.

To all such I would say, the first step to take is to write **at once** for my free brochure "**HEALTH AT HOME.**" It will be sent by return of post, **FREE**, and to every reader who answers this advertisement, and mentions "**Modern Man,**" I will make a very special offer, and as my terms are in any case extremely moderate, it is at once apparent that it will be nothing less than ridiculous for any reader to longer continue suffering, or dissatisfied with his physique, when the remedy is so simple and obvious.

I will personally undertake to treat all cases under strict guarantee, and for a reference as to my ability, the Editor of "Modern Man" may be named.

42,000 SATISFIED PUPILS ENDORSE MY CLAIMS!

THOMAS INCH,

Physical Culture Expert,

Dept. M.M., 676 & 676a, FULHAM ROAD, FULHAM, LONDON, S.W.

STRENGTH

Another Inch Victory.

Readers of "**The Modern Man**" will know by now that, in the long-mooted match between my pupil Edward Aston and Max Sick, my man won. It was unfortunate that Sick's shoulder gave way, but as far as the match went my man was easily ahead on points, and I think everyone was of opinion that he would certainly have won in any case. Putting this question to one side, Aston's lift of 261¼ lbs. with two hands at 11st. 6¼ lbs. is a magnificent performance.

I have always regarded this match as a test of my System. We have heard so much of marvellous Systems lately that I gave great personal attention to Edward Aston with the object of proving clearly that my System is the best in the world, and I had every confidence of Aston defeating Sick, on whose behalf such extraordinary claims have been made.

In training Aston I improved my System tremendously, and now wish to say that the new methods which Aston used will be presented gratis to all pupils enrolling after this date for the famous Inch Advanced Course. Full particulars on application.

Only a week or so ago my pupil Thompson beat Schofield for the **British Junior Championship.**

The winner of the now famous "**Health and Strength**" **Physical Development Competition** was:—

MR. JOHN BRYNE, 10, FINDLATER STREET, KINGSTOWN, DUBLIN.

I trained Mr. Bryne for this Competition on my Advanced System, and he now writes:—"**I am the winner of the silver cup. My total increase in six months was 62⅜". It is due to your Advanced System that I had my success, I thank you most heartily.**"

Edward Aston writes:—"Your Advanced System is simply marvellous. No one knows yet what it has made me capable of doing, but you, Mr. Inch, have seen me make world's records, and your Advanced System has made me the World's Middle-Weight Champion Lifter, having defeated Max Sick in open competition."

Mine is the only System which has been put regularly to the test, and it has ALWAYS EMERGED TRIUMPHANT. Test after test of all descriptions, both in connection with Weight-lifting, every Sport, and Physical Ailments, have been responded to with never-failing success. I have yet to see one of my pupils defeated in a championship contest.

I propose a further test. Owing to my accident I could not do myself justice at the Weight-lifting Tournament. I propose to go to some renowned institution such as the National Sporting Club, and make a World's Heavy-weight Weight-lifting Record as soon as I recover from my injury, and Mr. TOM PEVIER has kindly promised to judge the event.

EVERY READER

is earnestly requested to send at once for my free book, "**A Quick Route to Strength,**" and terms and latest pamphlet describing the latest development of my System, which won Aston the World's Middle-weight Championship, and gained for me the title of "**Britain's Strongest Man.**"

THOMAS INCH

Physical Culture Expert,

Dept. M.M., Munster House,

676, FULHAM ROAD, FULHAM,

LONDON, S.W.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE PREVAILING COLOUR.

If there is one time of the year more than another when one can positively say that fashions change, it is the early autumn. We all *have* to make some alteration in our attire at this season, and the change which the elements force upon us is the opportunity for all the hundred and one little differences in style that have been maturing, so to speak, during the previous months to come forward and declare themselves boldly.

A few hints, therefore, from me as to changes of style that seem imminent may prove useful. In this connection I will first deal with the all-important question of colour. While, of course, it is quite impossible for me to give any hard-and-fast rule, I have no hesitation in saying that "browns," of some variety or other, will predominate for the next six months.

The problem that now arises is what sort of browns? The selections placed before my admiring eyes seem endless. Nor are they all of that "much-of-a-muchness" order which makes discrimination difficult, if not futile. They are all different.

One thing, however, seems obvious. The "character cloth," as suitings of a pronounced pattern are called, is out of it.

The well-dressed man will appear in garments of a nondescript hue and pattern, and the only thing that will enliven the most vivid "mixtures"—brown, of course, always forming the base—will be the occasional suggestion of a stripe.

SOME WAISTCOAT TIPS.

Last week I dealt at some length with the cut of the modern waistcoat. It is, as I then intimated, a garment which is receiving more and more attention.

Most particularly is this the case with suits intended for outdoor exercise. Here, once again, the sportsman is provided with something of "his own."

In the first place the matter of pockets has been considered, with the result that the lower two, at any rate, are now fitted with flaps.

The point of this, of course, is to prevent whatever the said pockets may contain from being jerked out in the course of rough-and-tumble experiences.

Moreover, the pocket-flap has a distinctly sporting air of its own, and, taken in conjunction with the rolled or step-collar, which such waistcoats generally possess, a very breezy and open-air effect is produced.

The only objection to the latter is that it renders rather difficult the convex cut of the opening, whose praises I have already sung. The difficulty, however, is got over to some extent by the fact that "sporting waistcoats" are still, as an exception to the prevailing fashion, cut with a rather small opening.

This is especially the case if they are to be worn with a stock tie.

A NEW IDEA.

A useful point for a man buying a rough coat and vest for riding wear is to remember to have the latter made with a horizontal seam, just above the waist-line.

The seam, of course, is so made and stitched as to be quite obvious, and may be regarded, if fact, as a piece of additional ornamentation. Moreover, the side-seams, from the horizontal line indicated by it downwards, are left open, thus allowing the lower part of the vest free "play."

The advantage of having the garment cut in this fashion is obvious. It very effectually prevents the rumpled and rucked-up appearance that the waistcoat of the man who has ridden "hard and well" not infrequently presents, and it gives a great deal more freedom to the body, besides sitting well when the wearer is in the saddle.

WITH EVENING DRESS.

This idea of the vents or split seams might very well be applied to all waistcoats, and particularly those worn with evening dress. They would not need to be so long, of course, as those intended for riding purposes, but should be just long enough to allow the lower part of the vest free "play."

The need for something of the kind is all the greater because the newer kinds of dress waistcoat have not nearly so wide an opening as those of a few years ago.

The tendency, especially in vests worn with dinner coats, is for the opening to be V-shaped rather than square, and four buttons are more usual than three. The result of this, of course, is for the waist part to be unpleasantly tight unless the "split seam" tip is adopted.

WRIST WATCHES.

As a corollary to my remarks on the subject of waistcoats, it will perhaps be not altogether out of place for me to say a word or two on the matter of watches.

There seems to be no doubt that the "wrist watch" has come to stay. For despite the fact that the pride and glory of a man's apparel is supposed to be his pockets, the latter are, as I have often pointed out, by no means so useful as some people (of the opposite sex) imagine.

At any rate, it is now agreed that a watch on one's wrist is far more ornamentally and conveniently placed than in a pocket, and the one question that arises, therefore, is the kind of "wristlet" one shall employ.

Here I may say that quite the best thing I have seen of this kind is a small celluloid arrangement, so made that it fits over any small watch, leaving the face exposed, and having two narrow openings or staples through which a leather strap is passed.

The great advantage of this handy little invention, which can now be bought at most jeweller's for the average price of a shilling, is that it is adjustable to any small watch, and does away with the necessity of having staples or hooks fitted to the case itself.

The celluloid cases also are manufactured in a variety of colours, and one might very well have a number of them to match different suitings.

Of course, this tip will not appeal to those who already possess watches which are fitted with staples. To these, however, I will give a word of warning with regard to the strap they should employ.

The safest plan, and the one that entails the least strain on the watch-case, is to have the strap all in one piece.

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Price 5/9. Gives an elegant creation. Carriage Paid 4/11

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